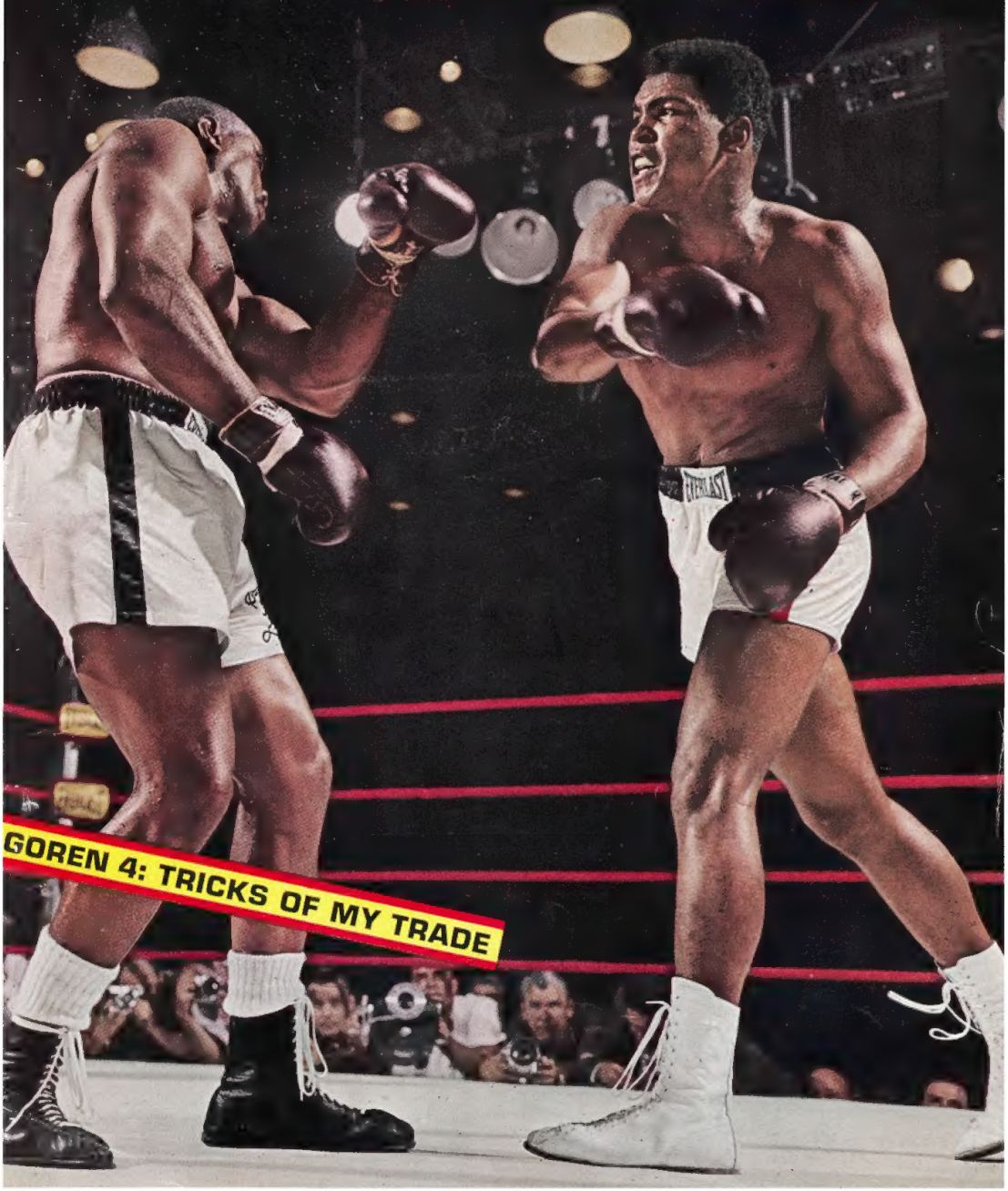
CASSIUS—HIS FIGHT AND HIS FUTURE

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 9, 1964 30 CENTS



GOREN 4: TRICKS OF MY TRADE

That's a smart-looking Ivy. (You can say that again.) That's a smart-looking Ivy.

All this smart double talk is about Arrow's University Fashion in the masculine and feminine gender. Every detail is Ivy authenticity. The casual, yet correct roll of the button-down collar that doesn't flatten or flare. (It's all in the precise placement of the buttons.) The fully tapered body that gives you

the clean, lean Ivy look. Only thing that blooms on this trim sport are the ivy prints. These are in a bottle green with a dash of old salt. 7 other colors just as dashing. Button and box pleat in the back and a "Sanforized" label that promises this cotton will keep its fit. Masculine, $4. Feminine (Miss Arrow), $4.

Wherever you go you look better in *ARROW*

HEADS UP PLAY

Bobby Hull, Chicago Black Hawks' all-star wing, boosts his league-leading point total as he scores a goal against the New York Rangers on March 5, 1960. Chicago won 5-0.

HEADS UP LOOK

Bobby Hull skates fast, scores often. It's all in knowing how. Same when it comes to good grooming. Bobby knows creams and oils mat down his hair, make it look and feel greasy. None of that greasy kid stuff for him. He uses greaseless Vitalis.® You can't see Vitalis, but what a job it does!

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE

The tiger's paw.

The tiger: Pontiac's new GTO. The wildest thing in Detroit.
The paw: U.S. Royal's new Super-Safety 800.
Standard equipment on the GTO.

If you've been reading the road and track magazines, then you must know all about the Pontiac GTO by now.

It's a tiger.

And a tiger doesn't come with ordinary tires.

It comes with tiger paws. U.S. Royal tiger paws. Otherwise known as the Super-Safety 800.

The paws had to go through some beastly tests for safety and durability:

They went 100 miles at 120 miles an hour without a failure.

They went 17,000 miles at 83 miles an hour, 16 hours a day, without a failure. (And at that speed, tread wears out more than twice as fast as it does at fifty.)

They took 300° heat build-ups without flinching. Imagine. Far above the boiling point of water, and they kept right on going.

They were sure-footed at turnpike speeds, and they cornered beautifully.

If you want a tiger, see Pontiac.

If you want a set of tiger paws for your car, see a U.S. Royal dealer.

They go on just like tires.

U.S.Royal®

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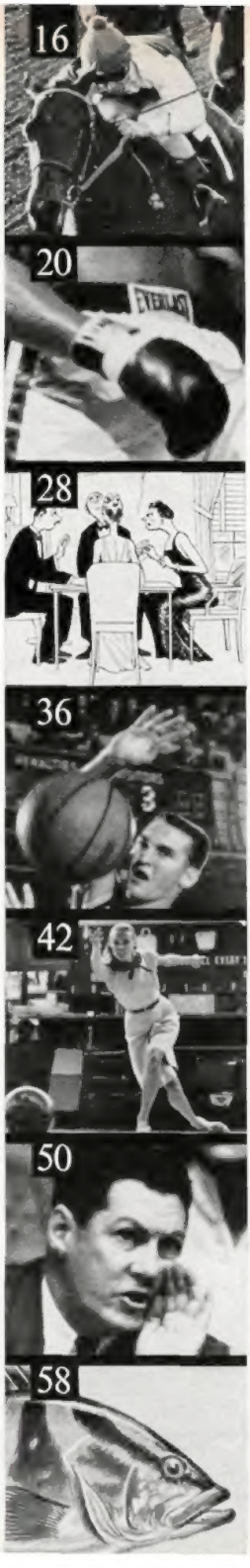

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Next week

25 TEAMS begin the battle for the national college basketball championship. Their strengths are compared and their chances weighed in a composite study of the road to Kansas City.

FLYING ON ONE WING is old stuff to hockey fans in Detroit, where the team that is known as the Red Wings is in reality just a pair of skates, a hockey stick and Gordie Howe.

AN AUSTRALIAN whirlwind spinning in the wake of two unusual sexagenarians named Livingston may blow the British challenger to victory in the *America's Cup races this year.*

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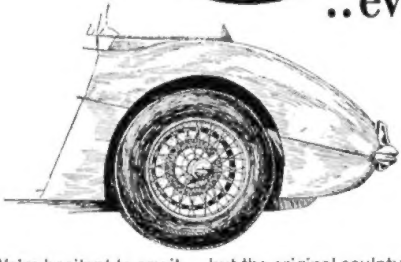
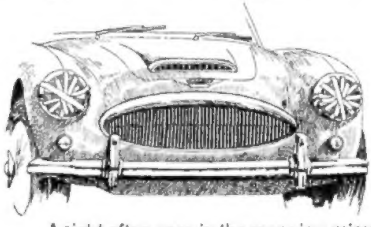
We've improved the new Healey by going backwards...to an elegant walnut dashboard...

The world's great automobiles have always used rich walnut... this is one of the great ones. Ergo: walnut.

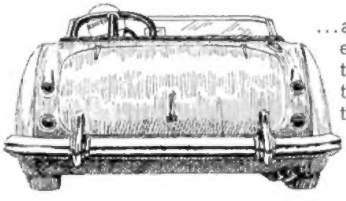
..everything else was perfect.



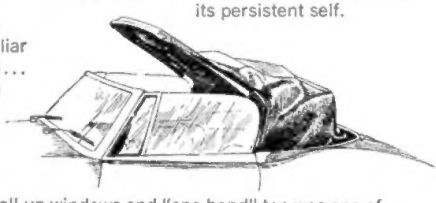
We're hesitant to say it... but the original sculptured look of the Healey is unbeatable... so that stays the same.



A sight often seen in the rear-view mirror of Grand Prix drivers who *thought* they had driven the opposition into the ground. That remains its persistent self.



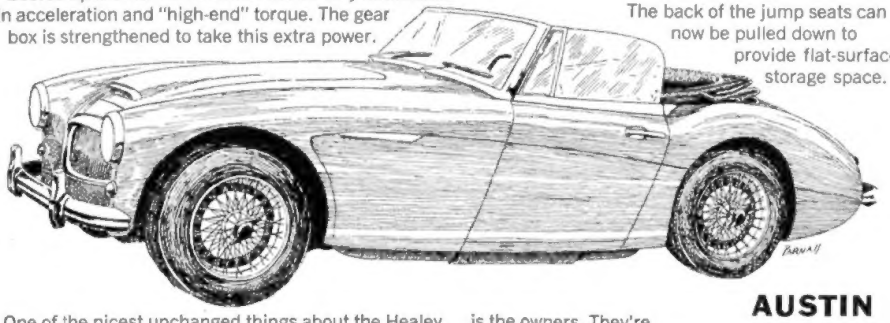
...and this view is even more familiar to other owners... that will remain the same.



Roll-up windows and "one-hand" top was one of the steps towards perfection we made in 1963.

Well... not quite *everything* was perfect: we've gently beefed up the H.P. 10% which will be very noticeable in acceleration and "high-end" torque. The gear box is strengthened to take this extra power.

The back of the jump seats can now be pulled down to provide flat-surface storage space.



One of the nicest unchanged things about the Healey... is the owners. They're loyal almost beyond reason. They keep insisting a sports car be a sports car and not an automatic toy with buttons and blinking lights. We respect their wishes and thank them.

AUSTIN HEALEY
MARK III

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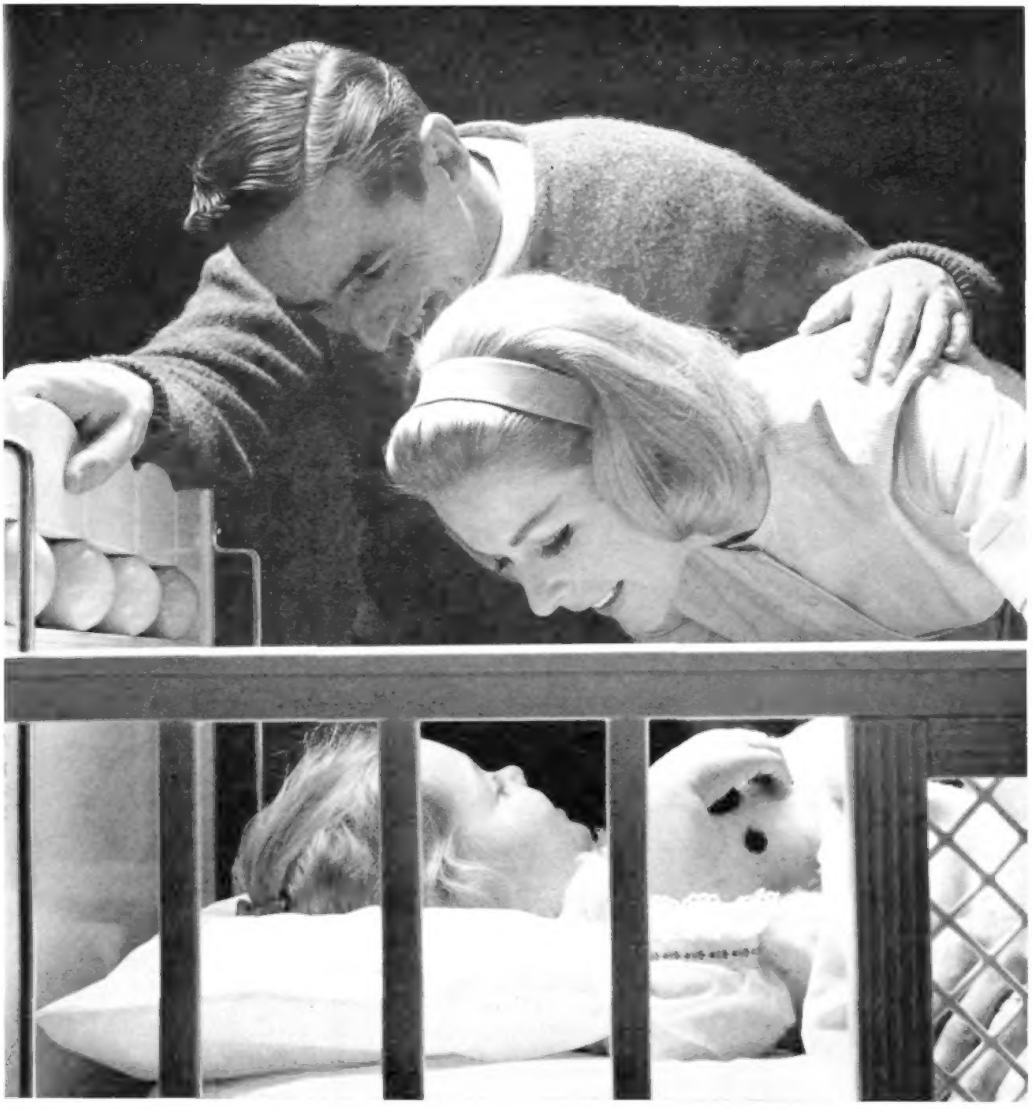

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sidney L. James

Not many SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writers travel farther in a year than our turf editor, Whitney Tower, and we're pretty sure that no other turf writer anywhere annually goes such a distance of ground to observe the horses and horsemen he writes about.

Tower's itinerary takes him crisscrossing from New York to Florida and California for the winter racing; to Kentucky for Keeneland and Churchill Downs in April and May; to Maryland for the Preakness in late May; to New York, New Jersey and Illinois in late spring and early summer; to New York's Saratoga and back to Illinois in August; to New York, New Jersey and Maryland again in the fall. He also manages occasional observations of the breed in Canada, England, Ireland, France and Australia.

All this getting about—plus his remarkable speed, wherever he is, in making his way to the winner's circle for first words from jockeys, owners and trainers—has made Tower as familiar a figure to the nationwide TV audience as he is to grandstand and clubhouse spectators and to fellow professionals, who have elected him president of the National Turf Writers Association. Last week, naturally enough, Tower was visibly in California (*below*) to watch the 27th running of the Santa Anita Derby, one of the significant late-winter races designed to measure 3-year-olds for the kind of heart it will take to win the Kentucky Derby.

TOWER AND WINNING JOCKEY PIERCE

Although Tower's grandfather was Harry Payne Whitney, one of the Homeric figures of the sport, and his uncle, C. V. (Sonny) Whitney, and his cousin, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, are Thoroughbred sportsmen, he feels that he must have been disappointing as a juvenile. "After a few falls as a kid, horses scared me to death," Tower admits. "Before drag hunts at Aiken as a youngster I was so terrified I would invariably ride behind a tree and throw up. Besides, horses give me hay fever."

But Tower can hardly remember a time when he didn't want to write about sports. He came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in our first year, after a career that included Harvard, the U.S. Air Force and six years as a racing writer for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. The Air Force discovered something Whit had known all along: he is partly color-blind. In consequence, he wound up flying low-speed, low-altitude jobs on detached duty with Army ground units, spotting enemy targets for the artillery. His color blindness is something of a nuisance in trying to identify racing silks sweeping by at 35 mph. "For that reason I prefer the distinct blocks of the Guggenheim and Chenery horses, the bright yellow of Claiborne and the deep red of Calumet," Tower says.

The secret of Tower's success as a racing reporter and writer is getting to know people as well as horses. He spends countless hours talking to owners and exercise boys, trainers and grooms, and hanging around barns and track kitchens as well as owners' boxes.

As soon as he had wired this week's Santa Anita report (*page 16*) from California, Tower flew off to Florida to watch the $100,000 Flamingo Stakes, Hialeah's test for Kentucky hopefuls.

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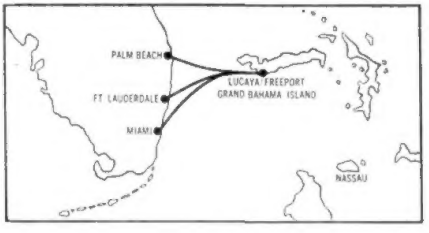
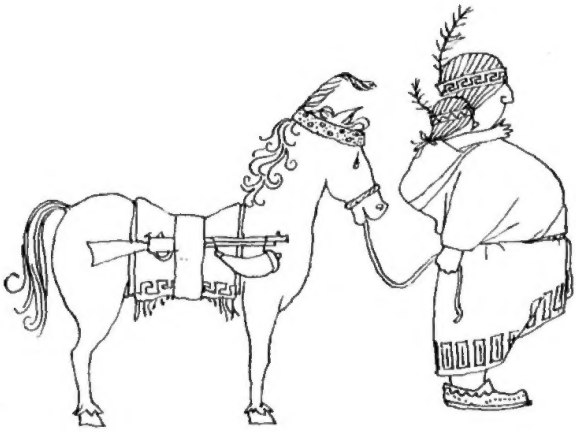
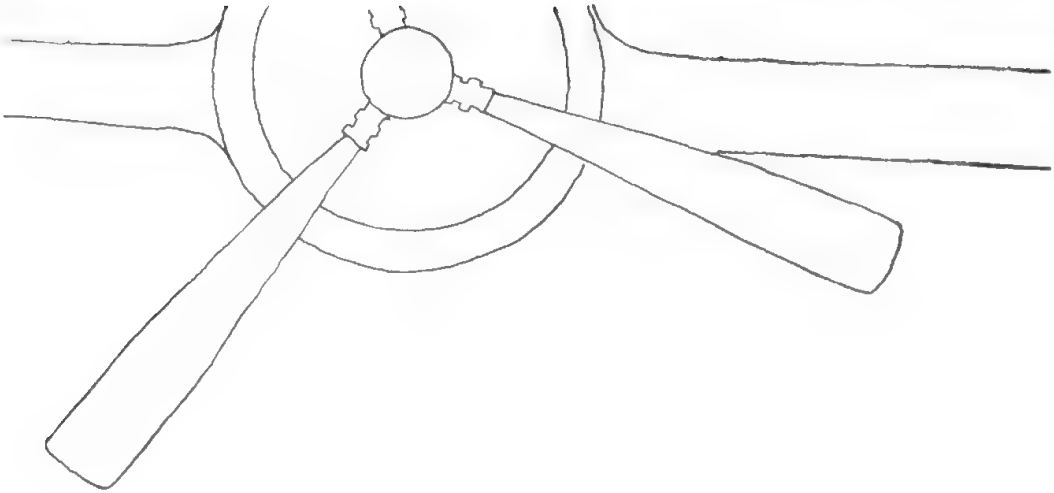
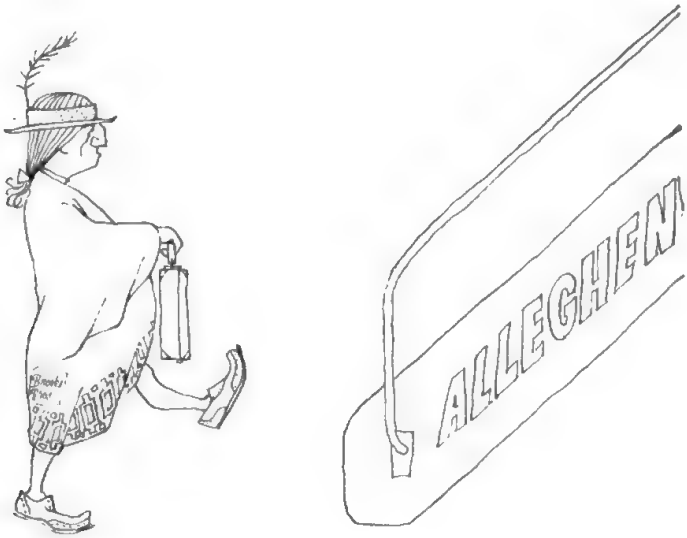




Allegheny... Indian name for

Spelled three different ways, Allegheny is a mountain range, a huge corporation, a county. Spelled as above, it's an airline... bounded by Boston and Washington, the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Erie. The word's original Indian meaning is unknown. But we've made it mean fast, convenient transportation, at 38 airports in 12 busy states. Between pairs of cities, our flights are sometimes the most frequent... sometimes the earliest... sometimes the only. Our family, group, and weekend air fares are often the lowest. Our passengers are mostly commuters-in-hurry. May their tribe increase.





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POINT OF FACT

An IC4A indoor track meet quiz to stimulate the memory and add to the knowledge of armchair experts

? *The Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America is known [illegible] How many events were held at [illegible] in 1922, and how many [illegible]*

• There were 11 events in the first meet (70-yard dash, 60-yard hurdles, mile run, two-mile run, mile relay, two-mile [illegible] broad jump, pole vault, high jump, shot put and 35-pound weight throw). After adding several new events and dropping other [illegible] IC4A program now consists of 13 categories with the latest event to be added being the 1,000-yard run in 1939.

? *Four of the winners at the first meet had the same surname. What was it?*

• All four were named Brown, all were from Ivy League schools but, unfittingly, not all one was from Brown. J. E. Brown of Harvard won the 35-pound weight throw, L. Brown ran on Penn's two-mile relay team, Leroy Brown of Dartmouth won the high jump and Cornell's N. P. Brown took the two-mile run.

? *Who was the first competitor to win his event three years in succession?*

• Shotputter Ralph G. Hills of Princeton won in 1923, 1924 and 1925 with progressively better puts of 45 feet 8¼ inches, 46 feet 3/4 inch and 47 feet 5 3/4 inches.

? *What IC4A mark has lasted the longest?*

• The broad-jump record of 25 feet 2½ inches set by Barney Ewell of Penn State has endured for 21 years.

? *What three schools have retired indoor trophies by winning the team championship five times?*

• NYU, the winner in 1929, 1932, 1940 and 1943, kept the original trophy after another victory in 1947. By winning five times from 1951 through 1956, Manhattan earned the second award. Villanova, currently the winner of five titles in the past seven tries, owns the third trophy.

? *What team has been the runnerup most often?*

• Manhattan and Yale have both finished second six times, with the Jaspers missing out three years in a row from 1957 through 1959.

—HERMAN WEISKOPF

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REMEMBER the Midiron? The Mashie? The Niblick? If you're old enough to remember the *names* of all the iron clubs, you're sure to appreciate what an improved game you can play with Wilson Dynapower irons.

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These are the exclusive Dynapower irons, designed and manufactured only by Wilson. They look different and feel different than other makes of clubs because they're designed to work more efficiently.

The secret of a good golf club is proper distribution of weight. Dynapower design removes dead weight from the heel and neck of the iron, then distributes more live weight up and out across the iron blade. This puts more power and control behind the ball.

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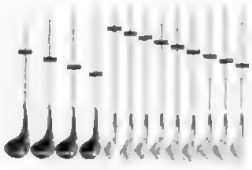
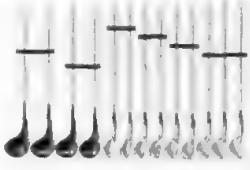


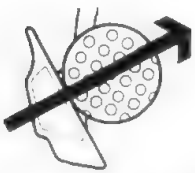
First truly-matched set. See how each Wilson Staff-Pro shaft is matched in flex action to the weight of its club head.



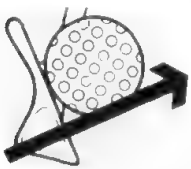
Half-matched sets. See how most other club makers fit identical shafts into club heads of different weight and loft.

Billy Casper is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff.

Wilson Staff irons



Wilson Dynapower principle flares club head weight out and up the face behind the ball, increases effective hitting area.



Ordinary irons waste power with improper weight distribution, minimizing the effective hitting area.

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A PROGRESSIVE PAST · A GOLDEN FUTURE

SCORECARD

THE SHY AND MANNERLY CHAMP

The only other Kentuckian to win the heavyweight championship of the world was Marvin Hart, who is but vaguely remembered in boxing history. In 1905 Hart, who weighed 190, stopped the 171-pound Jack Root in 12 rounds at Reno to acquire the title vacated by James J. Jeffries, who refereed the bout. Then Hart lost the crown to Tommy Burns eight months later.

We recall him now because Hart is remembered by his friends as a modest fellow and because he is a deceased neighbor of Cassius Clay, who is not known to anyone as timid. They differ in one other respect. According to Jimmy Dell Lovell, former fight promoter for whom Hart occasionally refereed, Hart was "a great believer that a strong offense was the best of all defenses."

The old Hart farm is a mere five miles south of the Clay home and its house is no longer occupied, but in the stable there dangles an old punching bag. To Hart's sister-in-law, Mrs. Edna Silliman, who treasures several mementoes of his boxing days, Hart's finest remembrance is the plumbing he installed in her home in 1927.

"We never had any trouble with it," she says proudly.

"Marvin was kind of shy and bashful," she remembers. "He was very mannerly, especially around the ladies."

Probably never called them "foxes" in his life.

NAMES TO STICK IN A HAT

In the opinion of many, Australia lost the recent Davis Cup Challenge Round because Harry Hopman, her longtime captain, did not get down to serious work with his players until four weeks before the decisive matches with the U.S. team. Conversely, much credit for the American victory properly went to Bob Kelleher, U.S. captain, who spent the best part of a year readying Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston for their big moment at Adelaide.

Now Kelleher says he wants out as nonplaying captain, though it is known that Jim Dickey, newly elected USLTA president, wants him to stay on for the cup defense. But Kelleher seems to have declared his intentions firmly, and, in consequence, one must ask: to whom will the cup captaincy be entrusted?

The job is usually a direct appointment by the president. If Hopman's failure and Kelleher's success can be attributed to the time the captains spent working on their players, then President Dickey's field may be narrowed considerably. For instance, Jack Kramer, the old pro, believes Vic Seixas is "an even-money bet" for the assignment, but there is doubt that Seixas' financial position is sound enough for him to take off the time necessary to mold a top team. Here are some other prospects, all of whom could probably take the time:

Jack Bushman of Montgomery, Ala., who is past president of the Southern Lawn Tennis Association.

Bill Talbert, former cup captain, who is favored by the players but has been bluntly critical of the USLTA.

Chauncey Steele Jr., ranking senior player, who is former president of the New England Lawn Tennis Association.

William Clothier II, tennis organizer in the Philadelphia area, who has worked closely with Dickey for years.

Tom Price, import-export executive from Cincinnati, who has sided with Dickey in intratennis politics.

The problem of choice may seem less acute since both Roy Emerson and Ken Fletcher were booted off the Australian Davis Cup team for unauthorized foreign play. Actually, it is not. We should field our best team with our best captain, no matter what.

ADIEU TO THE 'ROO?

The kangaroo grows only in Oceania, but it grows by leaps and bounds. It is curiously Australian—brash, forthright and guileless—but Aussie sheep ranchers do not regard it as a brother. It multiplies carelessly, gobbles the best grass, drinks up precious water.

Now the ranchers are admitting to their lands hired guns who can plug a minimum of 60 'roos a day each. The weekly kill is in the tens of thousands. Tons are salvaged, at $1 a head, for pet food and leather, but the rest rot.

The Sydney museum's Curator of Mammals admits the indiscriminate slaughter is wasteful, and animal lovers cite as a disgraceful precedent the decimation of the American bison. But Australia's kangaroo population is well into the millions—and so far there is little official concern at the prospect of extinction. After all, the kangaroo cannot be tamed or herded. He is too tough for the cultured palate. He will not adapt to saddle or yoke. His only assets are charm and the ability to box—and there is little demand these days for charming or boxing kangaroos.

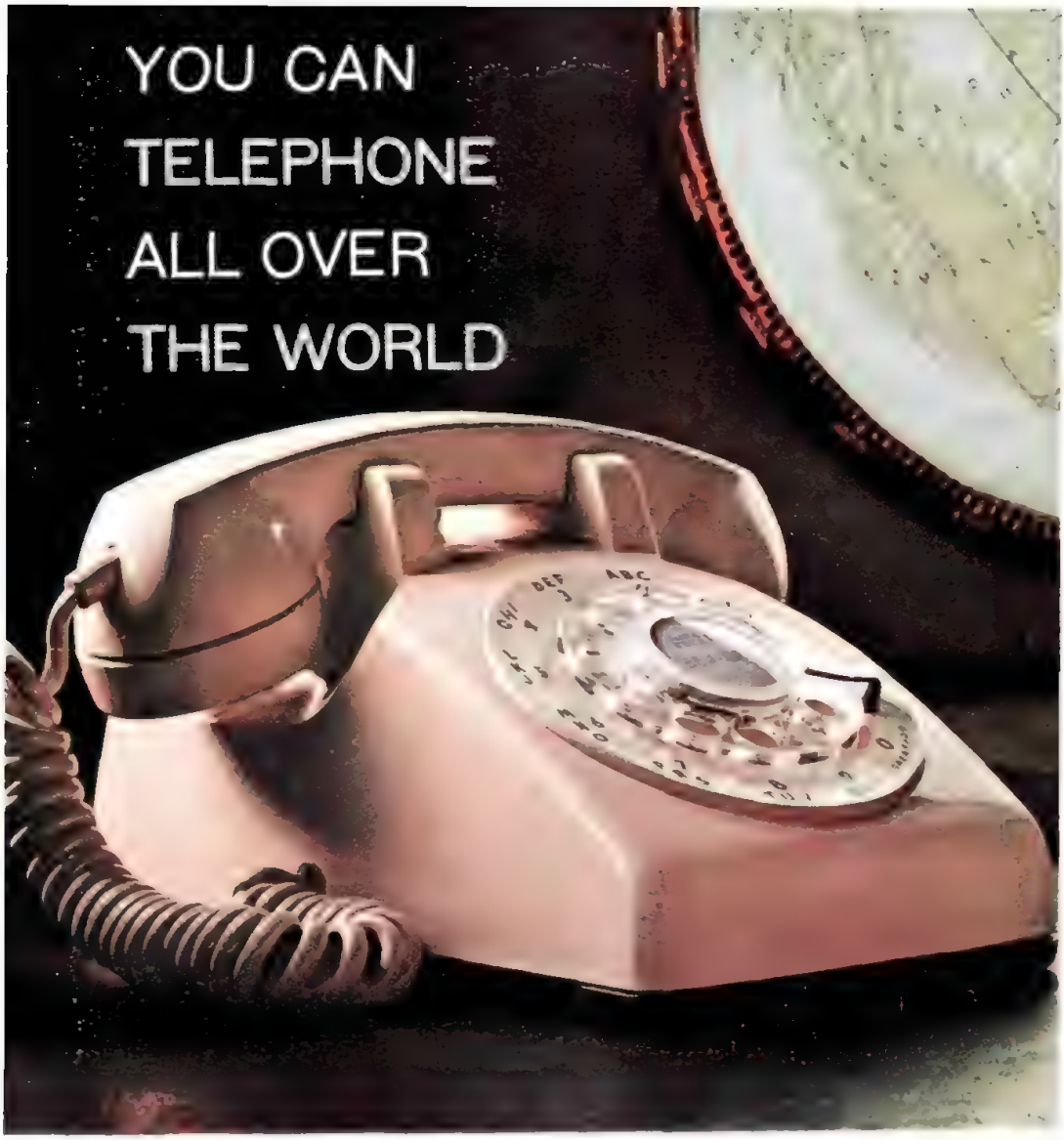
SUCCESS STORY

Taxpayers who gripe about federal spending should tip their hats to one Government figure: Smokey Bear. The U.S. Forest service has announced that Smokey's annual income, which goes toward forest-fire prevention, is headed toward

$45,000. About 40 Smokey Bear products are now on the market, including dolls, cookies, kerchiefs, slippers, T shirts, belts, coloring books and, appropriately, cigarette snuffers.

Smokey was born on an artist's drawing board back in 1945, and by 1952 he had become so famous that Congress passed a law protecting him. The Secretary of Agriculture is permitted to lend Smokey's name and image to commercial products, and anyone found guilty of using Smokey without permis-

continued



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sion can get six months in a federal pen.

But more important than money, the Forest Service credits Smokey with saving millions of acres of woodland from fire. In 1957 forest fires were held below 100,000 for the first time, and the service now believes they can be cut to 50,000. Smokey averages 1,000 letters a day. One California mother summed them up when she wrote, "It is amazing how much more alert children are than grownups. There is never a cigarette thrown from our car anymore. We really get told."

THE ATHLETES TESTIFY

The huge man with the bull neck leaned back in his chair and told the group around him that he had spent much time studying *The Acts of the Apostles* in order to learn what Peter and Paul preached after the Crucifixion. Then an erect old gentleman with bushy eyebrows described the "testifying" that was so much a feature of the churches of his youth.

The big fellow was Don Shinnick, the Baltimore Colts' linebacker who leads the team in prayer before and after every game. The old man was Branch Rickey, who at 82 still is an active executive with the St. Louis Cardinals. They were attending a two-day retreat of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes in Tampa.

Some twoscore athletes were present, among them Vernon Law, the Pirates' pitcher, who told of the difficulties a rookie used to encounter when he joined a major league club and refused to sacrifice some of his religious principles. As a Mormon, he was considered a little peculiar until they saw the hop on his fast ball. Nowadays, he said, the difficulties are much less.

Quarterback Bill Wade of the Chicago Bears described a special arrangement with the team's trainers. He never misses Sunday services because he gets his legs taped before going to church and so is ready for a quick change afterward.

THE CATALYST

After his surprising unconditional release by the New York Rangers in late November, Doug Harvey went to the Quebec Aces and, at 38, it appeared that one of the biggest names in the game might be fading out of hockey. For the Rangers, Harvey had played in 14 games and had only two assists to his credit before his release. The Aces had been in a similar slump. On December 1 they had won only eight of their 20 starts and occupied fourth place in the Eastern Division. In the first 11 games house attendance was down 30,000 from the previous year's record.

In his first outing with the Aces, Harvey helped to draw 9,981 fans, largest crowd in three seasons. But the Aces lost that one and the next.

Then they went on a winning streak of four games and were on their way. Since Harvey's arrival they have won 27 and tied one of 41 games and have moved into first place, eight points ahead of the runner-up Hershey Bears. For the first 27 games the Aces increased their attendance by almost 18,000 over last year.

Not all the credit is Harvey's, to be sure. Another big factor has been Gump Worsley at goal. But Harvey has been going well, too, and what with bonus clauses and other factors, like the big gates he is helping to bring in, he just might make as much with the Aces as he did with the Rangers (about $25,000).

BREAKTHROUGH

Selection of the Oakland Hills Country Club in Birmingham, Mich. as site of the Carling World Golf Championship next August was simple enough. It has been the scene of four U.S. Opens, and in tournament play has proved itself for the game's masters with an 18-hole low score of 67. Par is 70. But making the tournament truly a world championship was something else. There was the problem of South Africa's apartheid policy. South African golf associations came through. They ignored race, encouraged all golfers to qualify and one nonwhite, Sewsunker Sewgolum, placed as first alternate for the four-man contingent to represent the African zone.

Then there occurred the problem of penetrating the Iron Curtain, behind which golf has been held to be a bourgeois game. In Czechoslovakia a Carling representative found 300 Czech golfers playing with 1935 vintage clubs and handmade balls and tees. But now the government is officially sanctioning the game and Czech golfers hope to be represented in the July European qualifier. The government has even issued a formal invitation for the World Championship to be held in Czechoslovakia in 1965.

THEY SAID IT

• *Bill Veeck*, former Chicago White Sox owner, on Ford Frick, baseball commissioner: "Mr. Frick is the only man I know whom Dale Carnegie would have hit in the mouth." END

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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 9, 1964

A DERBY STAR RISES

His easy victory at Santa Anita makes California's Hill Rise a strong early favorite for horse racing's top prize; but at the Florida tracks some powerful contenders are being readied to meet the challenge by WHITNEY TOWER

George A. Pope, owner of the 16,000-acre El Peco Ranch in Madera, Calif., is a smiling, round-faced, gray-haired fellow in his early 60s. He looks 40, and most of his good friends tease him constantly about the fact that he usually dresses as if he were 20—in gray flannels and a sport coat. Pope's business used to be shipping until, as he puts it, "Bridges [Harry] put us out." Now it is ranching and raising Thoroughbred racehorses, and not even George's best friends tease him about the thorough way he has managed his business. Two years ago they flocked to Louisville to watch his homebred Decidedly break Whirlaway's 21-year-old track record in winning the Kentucky Derby. This week they are buying tickets for a return trip to watch the newest Pope marvel. His name: Hill Rise, winner of last Saturday's Santa Anita Derby by six lengths.

Hill Rise's victory in the last major California race to decide which horses earn the trip to Churchill Downs hardly surprised the 54,030 who made him the favorite. And it came as no surprise at all to Pope and his 73-year-old trainer, Bill Finnegan, who have now watched their California-bred son of Hillary win his last six races. In fact, both Pope and Finnegan would have been flabbergasted if Hill Rise had not won, for they consider him a stronger colt than Decidedly and ahead of him in condition at the same stage of their careers. "This colt suddenly has a mature look to him," said Pope, shuffling around the Santa Anita paddock among the well-dressed swells before the Derby. "I figure he's the best horse, and you expect the best horse to win, don't you?" said wise old

RATING THE LEADING KENTUCKY DERBY COLTS

HORSE	BREEDING	STAMINA	SOUNDNESS	CONSISTENCY	TOTAL
HILL RISE	8	9	9	10	36
KENTUCKY JUG	10	8	8	8	34
KNIGHTLY MANNER	9	9	9	7	34
QUADRANGLE	9	8	9	8	34
ROMAN BROTHER	8	8	9	9	34
NORTHERN DANCER	10	8	7	8	33
THE SCOUNDREL	9	8	9	6	32
CHIEFTAIN	9	6	8	8	31
KY. PIONEER	8	8	8	7	31
DUEL	9	7	8	6	30
ISHKOODAH	7	8	8	7	30
MR. BRICK	7	7	8	8	30

Bill Finnegan, who has had more success in the past with sprinters than real classic horses. "He's not a flashy colt, but at 16 hands and 1,050 pounds he has good size. He's not particularly stocky, but has plenty of leg room and, although he has speed and plenty of it, he would rather go a distance than sprint. He can gallop all day."

Hill Rise quickly demonstrated how right Bill Finnegan was. Jockey Donald Pierce knew that the early speed in the field of nine probably would come from Real Good Deal and Wil Rad but that Rex Ellsworth's The Scoundrel (who had tied a track mark of 1:34 4/5 in a mile work a few days before) would be just off the pace. "If you lay in fourth position and get around the first turn by saving ground, you'll be sitting pretty," Pope told Pierce.

At the start Real Good Deal and Wil Rad burst away past the stands at high speed. Bill Shoemaker had The Scoundrel close up with them, and Pierce, who rode a superbly confident race, followed his orders. Starting up the backstretch, however, Pierce moved Hill Rise up to just a length off Real Good Deal, and now all he had to do was wait until the turn for home to take the lead when he pleased. Pierce, a 26-year-old from Broken Bow, Okla. who has been riding for 10 years without receiving proper recognition, tapped his bay colt only once at the 3/16th pole and moved off to win easily. Later Pierce, usually poker-faced, cracked a broad smile and said, "I wasn't worried about anyone. This is the best horse I've ever been on, and that includes Tomy Lee, Decidedly and even Kelso."

Hill Rise has yet to earn that accolade, of course, but he is sound, he is fit, he is in good hands and he is well bred. His sire, Hillary, is a son of Khaled, and his dam, Red Curtain, is the daughter of a winner of Australia's Melbourne Cup, thus providing classic blood on both sides. In Kentucky on May 2 he will be either the favorite or close to it.

There was no real alibi for any of the horses who finished behind Hill Rise in the Santa Anita Derby. Hill Rise covered the mile and an eighth in an excellent 1:47 2/5 (breaking Tompion's stakes record by two-fifths of a second) and finished so strongly that he went the last eighth in 12 2/5. What makes him look especially like a Kentucky Derby type is the fact that he has the necessary speed to get a good position and still retain a strong kick for the Churchill Downs stretch. For even the stoutest-hearted animal that is a quarter of a mile of sheer agony.

Bill Perry's Knightly Manner, a son of Round Table, was second, nearly a length in front of Wil Rad, who headed Real Good Deal for show money. The Scoundrel was another neck back, in fifth place. Knightly Manner should improve as the distances increase. He has a wonderful way of moving, with a sort of rolling action. He comes from way off the pace—which could work against him at Churchill Downs in a big, clumsy field but he flows like smoke in the stretch.

Wil Rad and Real Good Deal must be considered nothing more than good sprinters. They will win nine-furlong races, perhaps, but not against the likes of Hill Rise, and it is hard to conceive of them finishing in the money in the 10 furlongs required at Louisville. Rex

continued

The big race is May 2, but the best from East and West have yet to meet. Whitney Tower has studied them all and offers an original method of estimating their chances

HORSE	BREEDING	STAMINA	SOUNDNESS	CONSISTENCY	TOTAL
TRADER	9	7	8	6	30
REAL GOOD DEAL	7	6	8	8	29
SALTVILLE	8	6	8	7	29
HIGH FINANCE	9	7	7	5	28
JOURNALIST	8	7	7	6	28
BUPERS	8	6	7	6	27
SUSAN'S GENT	7	6	7	7	27
TRAFFIC	8	6	7	6	27
WIL RAD	6	6	7	8	27
ALPHABET	7	7	6	6	26
DUNFEE	6	7	6	7	26
DANDY K.	5	7	7	6	25

Ellsworth's The Scoundrel, however, cannot be counted out yet. He ran as if he was "short" at Santa Anita last week, and if Rex and Mesh Tenney decide to ship him to Kentucky (possibly via the April 4 Florida Derby) he should put on a better show. He went into this race off one six-furlong prep and one hard work (about the same routine that the stable followed with Candy Spots a year ago) but, as Tenney pointed out before the Derby, "I learned a long time ago that these tremendous works don't necessarily win races."

Many Californians are now claiming that Hill Rise has the Kentucky Derby locked up. They have not been to Florida's Hialeah and were not overly concerned about the outcome of this week's Flamingo (also at a mile and an eighth), in which the big favorites were Northern Dancer and Roman Brother. Both these horses have the potential and the form to be at least the equal of Hill Rise, and they are not the only ones, either. Quadrangle is going to get a lot better. So may Chieftain and Trader before the trek to Louisville begins. Jimmy Jones, who has had real use for Calumet Farm's crying towels in the last few years, has two fine colts in Ky. Pioneer and Kentucky Jug. The ever noncommittal Jones is obliged to admit this himself.

For the moment, however, the spotlight is on George Pope, Bill Finnegan and Hill Rise, and if anyone has a right to squirm under his sombrero because of this it is The Good Señor, Horatio Luro, who trains Northern Dancer for E. P. Taylor. Luro trained Decidedly, and trained him to absolute perfection, for Pope's first Kentucky Derby victory in 1962. Right now he could be training Hill Rise as well as Northern Dancer which would have put him in the enviable class of a Ben Jones, who had Citation and Coaltown in the 1948 Kentucky Derby (they ran one-two). Before Hill Rise left the farm, Luro went up to El Peco with George Pope to pick out a colt to race at Santa Anita that winter. "I picked out a quick little chestnut who looked as if he would be ready to run soon, and I thought we could win with him," says Luro. "But when the van arrived, out comes a big and rangy bay, the kind you know you have to develop slowly. I say to myself this is not the colt I picked out. I didn't even put the tack on him. I sent him right back to the ranch."

The colt was Hill Rise. Back to the ranch, and eventually into Finnegan's hands, went the rangy bay who is now the talk of West Coast horsemen. "All your life," says Pope, "you hope to breed a good horse like Decidedly, and then when you win the Kentucky Derby with him you figure you'll never be that lucky again. It would be amazing and wonderful if Hill Rise were to be that good—and I think he has a chance at that."

Pope watched his Santa Anita Derby winner being led away, and he broke into a wicked giggle. "Hill Rise may not have impressed Luro when he got out of that van last year," he said, "but he probably scared him to death today. And if Luro sees this horse at Churchill Downs you can bet he'll take a pretty good look at him this time." The owner of the newly established Kentucky Derby favorite rubbed his gray head, looked at his pretty wife, Patsy, and added, a little more seriously, "I don't think I'd go back to a Kentucky Derby unless I thought I could be in the first four. If this horse runs there the way he did here today, he just has to be in the first four."

"First four!" said a new member of the Hill Rise fan club. "He'll be first. No way he can lose."

"Yes," said a cynical eastern observer, "no way he can lose. I heard those words before a fight in Miami last week." **END**

A handsome, well bred Easterner is Quadrangle here parading with Jockey Braulio Baeza

The big move by Hill Rise (No. 1) in the Santa Anita Derby began in the top of the stretch (opposite) as he pulled away from Real Good Deal (No. 8). Rushing up on the far outside, Knightly Manner finished second. Wil Rad (center) was third. The Scoundrel, shown last, was fifth

YES, IT WAS GOOD AND HONEST

In a superior fight young Cassius Clay proved that his fists can speak as loudly as his tongue. He outmaneuvered and outfought Sonny Liston to win the heavyweight championship, just as he said he would **by TEX MAULE**

It was, no matter what you have read or heard, an enormously exciting fight. It matched the classic contenders for a heavyweight championship of the world—a beautiful, controlled boxer against a man who could hit with deadly power. The fight—Clay against Liston—restored balance and intelligence to the concept of boxing. The boxer, using his skills with aplomb and courage and forethought, confounded and defeated the slugger.

Cassius Clay, who for weeks had cried, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," floated and stung—and he whipped Sonny Liston as thoroughly as a man can be whipped. It was a satisfying lesson to watch and it was an entirely honest fight, fought to the limit by both men.

When the bell rang for the first round, the spectators sat in tense expectation. For weeks, comment on the outcome of the fight had centered on the number of minutes Clay could avoid Liston's fearsome left hand. For the whole first round, those watching—in theaters and at ringside—were on the edges of their seats, expecting at any moment that Clay, a feather-footed, fluidly graceful man dancing around the perimeter of disaster, would slip or falter and that one of the vicious, brutal punches that Liston launched in an endless series would catch him.

As the round neared its end, the big question was answered. Liston could be lived with. Clay, the braggart who had goaded the champion into coming out for the first round in a mist of destructive rage, could smother and slip and slide away from that rage. Liston was no superman, as many had begun to believe. He might be a deadly puncher, but Clay—a remarkably calm and composed Clay when he came into the ring—was prepared for him, and he was certain that he was not going to be destroyed in the flash of a left hook.

The realization of this seemed to come as a vast surprise to the spectators. It should not have. Clay, in the ring under the pressure of a championship fight, was doing what he had carefully rehearsed and meticulously perfected for weeks in the grimy confines of the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach (SI, Feb. 17). No move he made in the ring was a casual one; each move was made with a purpose, and the purpose had been developed and the move perfected long before.

Even Liston's rage, which took from him most of his boxing ability, had been a part of Clay's strategy. The boasting and calculated gibes with which Clay had irritated Liston during the weeks before the fight had seemed the overweening confidence of a child. Clay had hoodwinked sportswriters, fans, even members of the combine which owns him. At the weigh-in, he had put on a long, hysterical show, also designed to upset Liston.

Before the fight, Liston had seemed imperturbable. But in the first round, all the smoldering resentment came out in a rush. Bulling from his corner, Liston forgot the instructions of Willie Reddish, his trainer, and he forgot most of what he had learned about boxing. Proud, especially vain of his body and his reputation as a puncher, Liston was a man with but one thought, and it was a dangerously emotional one. He wanted to murder his tormentor, in one minute if possible, more quickly than he had knocked out Floyd Patterson.

Clay danced and moved and watched curiously and did what he had prepared to do in the Fifth Street Gym. In the long, hot early afternoons there, against two reasonable facsimiles of Liston, he had practiced moving quickly to his left, slipping left hooks by leaning and moving his head, avoiding damage on the ropes by ducking down and away and sliding out of trouble. All these things he did now.

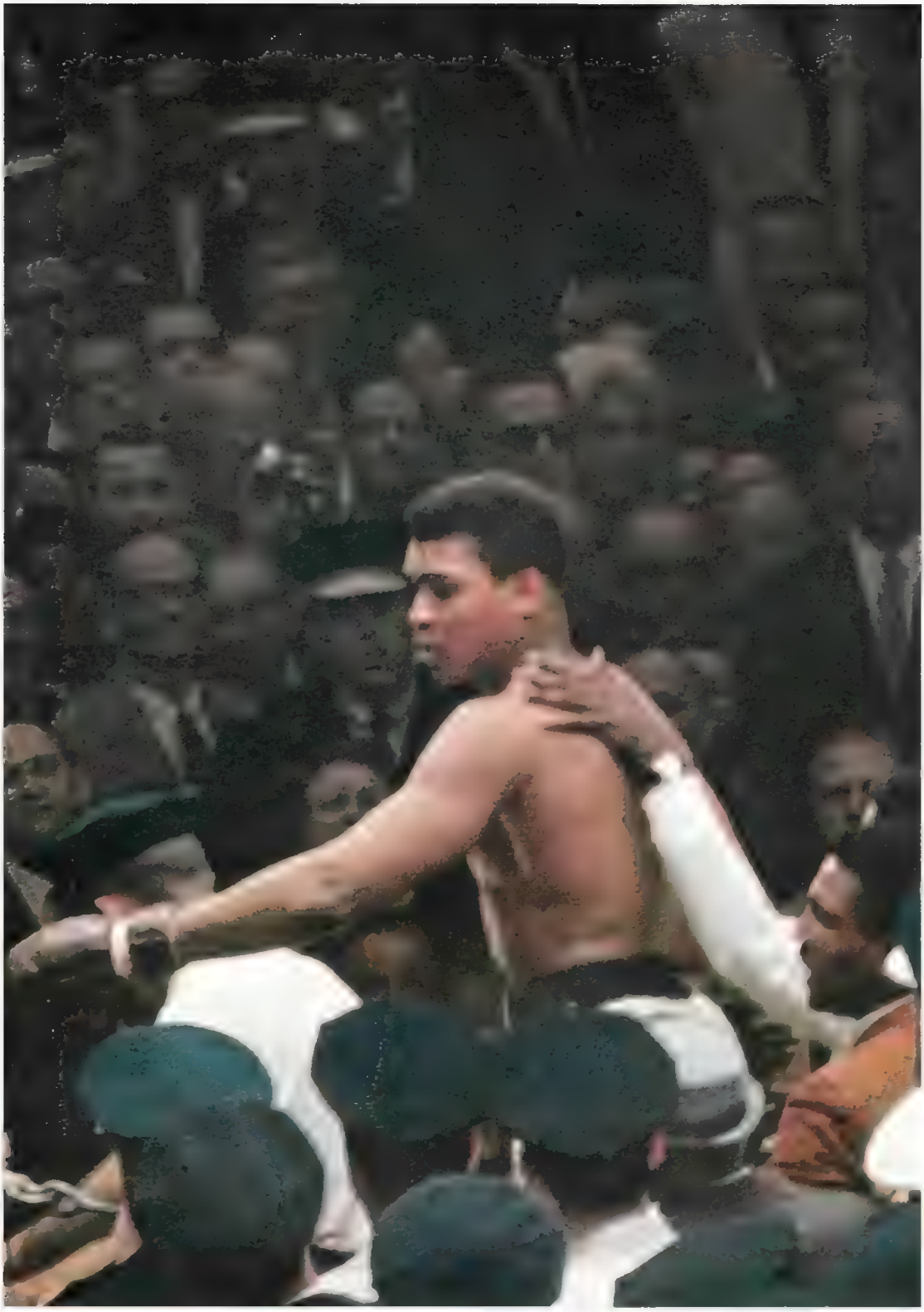
As the round grew old and Liston's heavy rushes produced no tangible result, Clay, assured now that his tactical plan was a sound one, tested it a little more. He moved to the attack, as he had in his sparring sessions, stinging Liston with a sharp left hand, crossing the right over against the side of Liston's head. That worked, too. Although it would not be apparent for another round, Clay was in command. And by the middle of the third round another fact began to come clear: Sonny Liston was no longer the heavyweight champion of the world.

He was leaning heavily against the ropes, peering between raised gloves at Cassius Clay. His face had begun to swell from a cleanly delivered, drum-fast combination of blows that had driven him cowering across the ring. His expression was puzzled and shocked and almost frightened. The arrogant self-confidence that, in previous fights, had allowed him to dominate his opponents, was gone.

Six feet away, Clay was yelling at him.

continued

Leaning back, a defensive maneuver that was supposed to be instantly fatal, Clay avoids a Liston left hook, one of many that missed the mark.



"Come on," he shouted. "Come on, you bum!"

Liston came off the ropes in an awkward shuffle, pawing with his left hand, and Clay leaned in with the artful precision of a bullfighter placing *banderillas*. He stabbed the swollen face with a sharp left jab, and Liston bent into the oddly hopeless crouch in which he had accepted the fusillade that had sent him to the ropes. As he crouched, Clay crossed a sharp right, catching the champion on the left cheekbone and splitting his face from dark to red as cleanly as a sharp knife cutting through the rind of a watermelon.

Because Liston is a savage and instinctive fighter, he shook his head quickly and came on and fought well, if not brilliantly, for the rest of the round. He shoved Clay into the ropes and slammed at him doggedly with hooks to the belly, but he no longer owned the ring and he no longer—if he ever had—impressed Cassius. Clay took the two-handed attack on his belly calmly enough, catching most of the blows with his elbows. Then, almost petulantly, he placed his hands on Liston's shoulders and pushed him away.

The end came three rounds later. It might have occurred sooner except that Clay fought the fifth round virtually blind, saving himself only through his marvelous ability to move on his feet and with his upper body. In the fourth round, jabbing at Liston with his snake's tongue left hand, he had coated his glove with the caustic that had been applied to Liston's cut. When Clay brushed perspiration from his forehead midway in the round, he left a thin skin of the caustic on his forehead. It washed down into his eyes between rounds when his trainer, Angelo Dundee, swabbed him with a wet sponge. "I can't see, I can't see," he cried out, blinking his eyes and ducking away from the mouthpiece as the bell rang for the fifth. Clay wanted only time to clear his sight, not to quit, as was reported widely later. But Dundee, fearful that the bout might be stopped, put the mouthpiece in place and thrust Clay into the ring.

Peering through tear-fogged eyes, Clay survived, depending primarily on his wonderful speed afoot. "He can't move back as fast as I can move forward," Liston had said during his workouts, but he found, to his dismay, that Clay could, indeed, run faster backward than Liston could go forward. He ran for almost a whole round, brushing angrily at his eyes, and Liston, leaping after him occasionally in moves reminiscent of Floyd Patterson, never could reach him effectively.

"Get the towel," Clay said when he got back, almost unscathed, to his corner, and Dundee swabbed his eyes clear. For five rounds, Liston had been pursuing and swinging wildly and missing In the sixth, the whole tenor of the fight changed and Liston, the invincible, became human and less than a champion. He had lost not only his arrogance and his strength; he had lost, clearly and unquestionably, his ability to be an aggressor. Where for five rounds he had shuffled forward, firing stubbornly, he now no longer advanced; his curious skipping shuffle took him back and away from Clay, who followed him intently. Clay still was studious, but he was no longer trying to avoid Liston. Instead, he seemed determined to humiliate him. Clay was off his toes now. He fought flat-footed, and the left jab that had brushed Liston's face tentatively in earlier rounds suddenly snapped his head back each time it landed in this round. (One felt that Clay could take Liston out almost whenever he wanted to.) Between the fifth and sixth rounds, when it became clear that Liston was incapable of knocking out even a blinded Clay, Dundee told his fighter to go for the knockout.

"No," Clay said. "I ain't in a hurry. Maybe I'll carry him for the 15."

Earlier in the fight, Reddish had yelled at Liston constantly. "Shorten your stance," he called through cupped hands as Liston, legs spread wide, punched off-balance. "Cut down your punches," he yelled as Liston, whose left hook is most lethal in a tight, controlled arc, straightened his left arm and looped his hooks. It may have been one of these wide left hooks, caught on Clay's glove in the first round, that tore loose a tendon at the head of Liston's left biceps, where it joins the shoulder, and led to the eventual end of the fight.

There is no doubt that Liston's arm was damaged. In the sixth round, he carried it at belt level so that it was of no help in warding off the right crosses with which Clay probed at the cut under his left eye. Still, one expected Liston to come out for the seventh, and for the fight to end with a bang, not a whimper. Whether the left arm was damaged enough for a champion to accept defeat sitting in his corner instead of fighting with one arm until he was knocked out will be a subject of debate among boxing followers for a long time.

It is, however, a pointless argument; in the first round, fresh and angry and heedless as a fighting bull, Liston was uninjured and unimpressive. Clay handled him. He could have handled him, as he said, for 15 rounds, if necessary. Angelo Dundee, before the fight, had predicted that Clay, with the accumulated weight of a rain of punches, would knock Liston out in the 11th or 12th round. He, among all the predictors who were so far wrong, was almost exactly right.

The fight ended when Willie Reddish turned to the referee and made a washing gesture with his hands, which Dundee saw from Clay's corner. Waiting for the bell, Cassius had stood up and started his shadow-boxing routine, an exaggerated, disdainful jig he often lapses into when he knows he is ahead. When Dundee told him it was over, he danced into the middle of the ring with his hands high, yelling.

Liston sat limp and slumped down, tears trickling over his battered cheeks. It seemed incredible, looking at him, that this was the same frightening specter who had entered the ring 20 minutes earlier. It seemed wrong, somehow, to feel sorry for Sonny Liston.

In the wake of the fight came a spate of curiously defensive comment from the writers who had been so mistaken about the ability of Clay and the invincibility of Liston. As could be expected, there were cries of "Fix!" although it would be medically impossible to fix a fight by tearing a muscle in a fighter's arm. A team of eight doctors inspected Liston's arm at St. Francis Hospital in Miami Beach and agreed that it was too badly damaged for Liston to continue fighting. The torn tendon had bled down into the mass of the biceps, swelling and numbing the arm. From a tear like this, the blood

continued

A suddenly somber and victorious Clay leaves the ring. He shrugged off the pose of a loudmouthed mountebank as soon as the title was his.

seeps slowly through the tissues; thus Liston could fight awhile before the arm went dead. But his most effective weapon had been spiked, and although he wanted to fight on and, perhaps, could have, his manager, Jack Nilon, stopped the whole business fast. "I made the decision," he said later. "Before Sonny could protest, Willie and I stepped in front of him and waved the referee off. Sonny spit out his mouthpiece and cursed me and cursed Clay. 'I can beat that bastard one-handed,' he said."

Nilon's argument for stopping the fight would appear to be stronger than Liston's for continuing.

"It's like you were a jockey on a fine horse," he explained, "the favorite for the Kentucky Derby. As the horse gets to the halfway pole, it begins to favor its left front leg. The horse is good and it's willing, and if you go to the whip it'll come on. But perhaps it will be permanently injured. There is still the Preakness and the Belmont, so you pull the horse up to race another day. That's what I did with Sonny. He couldn't feel his fingertips. He couldn't hold the arm up to defend himself, and he was slapping, not punching. One doctor thinks his arm is hurt worse than we imagine. It could require surgery. I'll know more about it after I take Liston to Philly in a few days to see an orthopedic specialist, the best in the country. This guy wrote a book on the subject.

"We'll win it back—I know it. This guy has pride—you can't imagine such pride. This thing is killing him. For the next one, I'll take him up to the woods, and when he comes down he'll be hungry, just like the Liston who beat Patterson in Chicago. You'll see."

But it seems likely that Nilon is wrong. If Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay fight again—as they surely will—Clay probably will win again. Liston is not a man who can easily alter the style of his attack. Age weighed on him in the last round of this fight; it will weigh even more heavily in the next.

More to the point, the Clay-Dundee battle strategy was perfect, and it had been tested against sparring partners who were superior to those employed by Liston. Harvey Cody Jones, in fact, has a left hook that is quicker than Sonny's, but not as devastating.

"I ain't surprised," said Jones, after the fight. "I hit the hell out of Cassius sparring because I am a quicker hitter than Sonny. But I knew Cassius wasn't trying to hit me much—that makes a difference when you're chasing a man—and Cassius can hit hard when he wants to."

Almost no one has conceded, so far, that Clay is truly a better fighter than Sonny Liston. Aside from the expectable accusations of a fix, the excuses for Liston have been that he was overtrained and heavy-armed, or that he was undertrained, expecting to win in only a couple of rounds and exhausted when the fight went beyond that. There was even one rumor that Liston had suffered a heart attack in the ring.

None of these things are true. Liston was trained fine, but not necessarily too fine. His heart was normal. There was no fix. He fought and lost to a quicker, younger and—finally—a much smarter boxer.

Here again is a factor almost universally overlooked before the fight and completely ignored since. Clay displayed the completeness of his ring wisdom most clearly in his worst round—the fifth, when he fought blind. Few would have believed, before the fight, that Clay, or anyone else with impaired eyesight, could last three minutes in a ring with Liston. Clay did, and easily. At one point, he used one of the oldest and most effective of all the tricks a boxer employs against a puncher to break his concentration and coordination. He reached out a long left hand and held it on Sonny's head. Liston, tired and dispirited after having chased the nimble Clay fruitlessly for almost three minutes, stood transfixed, as a bull is mesmerized after a matador has controlled him with a series of passes. Finally it was Clay who broke the weird tableau. He took his hand away and slapped Liston five or six times on the forehead like a man knocking on a door, before he danced away.

Clay's victory, of course, was the best of all possible solutions to the ills that beset the world of boxing. Had Liston won this fight, there would have been no natural opponent for him. He has fought and destroyed most of the ranking heavyweights in the world. Clay has yet to fight Ingemar Johansson, Patterson, Ernie Terrell, Eddie Machen or, say, Cleveland Williams, although he has defeated Doug Jones and Henry Cooper, ranked second and ninth among heavyweights. His fights with all of them (the Jones bout was heavily disputed, and Cooper knocked Clay down before losing in the fifth) will be interesting. Many experts remain unconvinced of his ability, and he will be in the strange position of having to prove himself after defeating a man acclaimed by some as the best heavyweight since

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WHERE THE MONEY WENT

From the bout itself, TV and other rights, the Clay-Liston fight grossed some $4.5 million, one of the two highest takes in history. Here is how the money was divided:

BILL MACDONALD
Put up $625,000 for Miami promotion, spent $140,000 on expenses, took in $402,000. Loses $363,000.

SONNY LISTON
Collects $1,360,500.

INTERCONTINENTAL PROMOTIONS, INC.
Promoting outfit made up of Jim and Bob Nilon (72½%), Liston (22½%—his share is included in total above), G. D. Cherry, lawyer (5%). Collects $813,000.

CASSIUS CLAY
Collects $315,000.

CLAY'S BACKERS
11-man Louisville syndicate. Collects $315,000.

THEATER NETWORK TELEVISION, INC.
Collects $362,000.

CLOSED CIRCUIT EXHIBITORS
Get half of TV take. Collect $1,750,000.

Joe Louis—or even since Jack Dempsey.

First on the agenda, though, will be a rematch with Liston, whenever Liston heals enough to prepare for it and as soon as Clay's draft status is settled. The champion can be inducted into service by mid-March, but there is no certainty that he will pass the physical and psychological examinations. Instead of submitting to the two-year term, he may opt to serve for six months, and then nights and in summer months. The fact that he is a declared Muslim will have no effect on his status.

Fortunately for Liston, Intercontinental Promotions, Liston's promoting corporation, some four months ago bought the rights to promote Clay's first championship fight, in case he should defeat Liston. This is a complicated deal, the full details of which have yet to come to light, but it is by no means the sinister plot to control the heavyweight title that many have made of it. The purpose is simple: to skirt a World Boxing Association rule barring return-bout clauses in championship fights. As one man in Clay's syndicate said last week, "Forget the rules. You don't get championship fights without a return-bout guarantee." In any case, after the fight had gone five rounds a rematch was inevitable and would be profitable. No money was to be gained by fixing a Liston loss.

There is some question about the legality of the rematch maneuver, since it puts Liston in the position of both promoting his own fight and owning a piece of the fighter he meets. The contract may be voided, but another bout is still the most obvious way for both Liston and Clay to capitalize on the enormous interest generated by last week's fight.

When they do meet, Nilon will certainly not allow Liston to prepare in the air-conditioned luxury of the Surfside Community Center. He will bring a lean and mean Liston into the ring, one who listens to him. Defeat had one good effect on Sonny. It made him a much more tractable man, amenable to suggestion.

And victory quieted the calculating Cassius. In the days after the fight, he scarcely needed to proclaim, "I am the greatest!" He had proved that. If he keeps his wits about him, he will prove it again when he next meets Liston.

His face battered, Liston sits gloomily in hospital as doctor examines his injured biceps.

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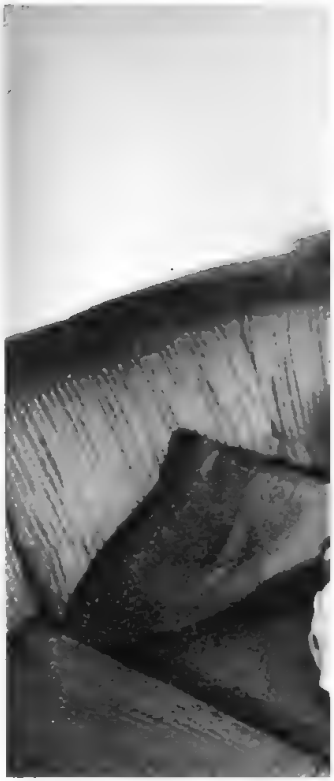


Having won the title, Cassius emerged as a relatively quiet man with serious, if confused, religious leanings. The author, who has spent more time with Clay than any other writer, records the details of how Clay is dealing with success

by HUSTON HORN

THE FIRST DAYS IN THE NEW LIFE OF THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

About an hour and a half after he had won the heavyweight boxing title on a moist Miami night last week, Cassius Clay was driven to a Negro motel where he ate ice cream in a dish and hammed it up while a tall man in glasses snapped his picture. The ice cream was vanilla, the photographer a Black Muslim leader named Malcolm X, and taken together they pretty much summarized the new world champion: his tastes are just as simple, and his thoughts on life just as murky as they have been for years.

Merely because he was at the top of his profession at the age of 22 did not mean that Clay was about to change his ways. And if, in the days that followed, he suddenly became a great deal quieter than usual, the reason was less one of reform than of reverting to type. All he was doing was showing himself in public the way he has always been in private. The bellicose bombast that has characterized Clay's behavior before reporters, television cameras and crowds of any size or description has been an admitted, self-promotional front. He remained as vain as ever but, now that he had got what he was after, the heavyweight championship, Cassius chose to drop the loudmouth pose until it is needed again. "I'm like a politician," he said the day after the fight, slouching on a green divan. "I made the noise I had to make while I was campaigning for election. Well, the vote is in now, and I won. I'm going to play it cool for a while."

Cool was not exactly the word for it. Cassius Clay's deportment as the new champion was close to being inert. He had no sooner washed down his ice cream with a glass of milk at the Hampton House Motel than he told the satellites milling around him that the victory party was over: he was going to sleep. But drowsiness was tempered by Clay's new responsibilities. Only a few moments after he stretched out on a motel bed, he restlessly decided he ought to go back to the house in which he had been living in Miami. Word had come through a friend that a crowd of neighbors was standing in the front yard waiting for him. "They are the people I mean something to," he said, pulling his clothes back on, and he and his lawyer, Edward Jacko, and a companion named Howard Bingham, checked out.

The six-room house Clay was renting —he left it for New York at the end of the week – is stucco, painted gray, and is near the end of a street of similar homes in a Negro neighborhood. The crank-open windows are frosted, louvered glass, the roof is Spanish tile painted white. The shrubs around it have been broken down by visitors trying to see in, and the big ficus tree in the front yard has been populated lately with raggedy little boys looking down on their hero. The furniture inside the house is comfortable and nothing fancy, the carpet is threadbare. It all suited Clay just fine.

When he got home after leaving the motel, he stood around outside with the crowd for a little while, shaking hands and signing his name, and then he told them good night and went in. Presently three reporters arrived all from Los Angeles. Clay was in his undershorts and socks, and he told the men he had to "get into the feeling of being the champion. I'm going to be a gentleman, be a clean image for the children. Oh, think how

Once he had caught the [illegible] Sonny Liston [illegible] his carefully set trap, Cassius Clay suddenly displayed an unforeseen talent for total relaxation.

great I was tonight." He talked on for an hour and then his business agent, a young New York Muslim named Archie Robinson, came in. Robinson can be waspish, and he said, "What's this? A press conference at 3:30 in the morning?" The reporters left, and somebody put cotton in the doorbell and took the phone off the hook. Cassius went to sleep about 4.

Earlier that night, shortly after the fight was over, Clay had come to a so-called press conference at the Miami Beach Convention Hall. It was not a conference at all, because Clay did all the talking—and that talking was confined to a rude, arrogant speech berating the reporters for having picked Sonny Liston to win. But by the next morning his transformation to gentleman was on its way, and he showed up at the hall for another scheduled conference, ready to answer questions. Making very few extravagant claims—and thus astonishing everyone—Clay said he had beaten Liston because he was a better boxer than the ex-champion. Was he also a Black Muslim as was being rumored, somebody asked as he came down from the stage. "I believe in the religion of Islam," Clay answered, avoiding a direct answer. "I believe in Allah and in peace. What's wrong with that? I don't try to move into white neighborhoods. I don't want to marry a white woman. I don't want to hurt no one like the Ku Klux Klan. I was baptized when I was 12, but I didn't know what I was doing. I'm not a Christian anymore."

Clay left the building then and rode over to WTVJ, a Miami TV station, to watch a playback of the fight that had been made by Theater Network Television. On the way over, Jacko said, "The world just met the new Clay, the All-American-boy Clay." Actually, the All-American image Jacko was talking about has been around Clay for a long time—he has never smoked, drank or cursed—but the moralistic Muslims intend to capitalize on that image, beginning now.

At the screening of the fight, Cassius got excited and sometimes stamped his feet. He talked about himself, too, much of the time. "I really looked confident, didn't I?" he asked those around him, and they assured him he did. "You'd never think I'd end up feeling sorry for Sonny Liston, would you, but I do. I can't help it. I don't like hurting people. He's fighting too fast. You see? He can't last at that pace. I'm fighting a good fight, though. But I'm having to work for it. I'm having to hustle. I wonder will this go down as one of the greatest fights in history?" "Don't worry about that, Champ," they said. "It will sure go down in history." "But I saw a lot of things I did wrong," said the new, humble Clay as he walked out of the darkened room.

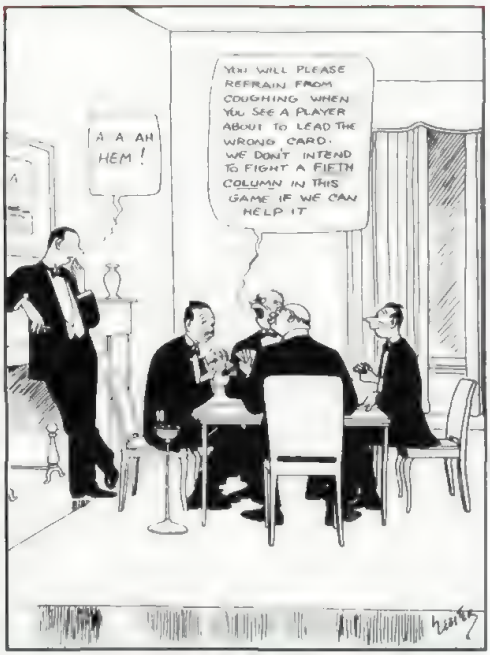
It was early afternoon by now, and Clay was beginning to tire of being the champion. So he went back home in his $13,000 Cadillac limousine with the two telephones, and he sat down on the front step. He did not bother to read the telegrams that had arrived in his absence. Small children from the neighborhood began to cluster around his feet. Some had come on their own, some, including a 7-week-old infant, had been brought by their mothers. Cassius picked up the little girls and gave them a hug, and flattered them and teased them and sat

[illegible]

PART 4
GOREN'S NEW FORMULA

TRICKS OF MY TRADE

Deception is often the key to successful play of the hand and to keeping opponents off balance. The smart player knows when to follow the old established maxims and when to disregard them in favor of a surprise move, a tactic that is just as valid in bridge as in other games BY CHARLES GOREN WITH JACK OLSEN



When bridge was leaping to popularity in the U.S., Artist H. T. Webster was at the height of his fame. These cartoons are from

Who among us has not sat down to a bridge game at an impressionable age and heard somebody say, "Now, Charlie [or Alicia, or whatever], just remember: cover an honor with an honor. Second hand low, third hand high. Lead through strength and up to weakness. Never finesse your partner. Lead fourth from your longest and strongest at no trump. And everything will come out just fine."

For too many years those rules were dogma. Then there came a time when it was considered a la mode to disregard them willy-nilly. And finally we reached a balance, a period of Aristotelian moderation. Nowadays any player worth his salt (including, of course, all my readers) knows that sometimes you break these rules, sometimes you bend them and sometimes, in a spirit of recklessness, you even obey them.

A wise man once said that there is a lot of truth in old saws; that's how they become old saws. And so it is with our faithful clichés of bridge. They are invaluable to the beginner, and steadfast guidelines for the advanced player. The easiest opponent to beat would be the one who never obeyed any of them. On the other hand, the *second* easiest to beat would be the player who still followed the old bromides to the letter. There are, surprisingly, a fair number of such players around, and they are more fun to play with than a sackful of Siamese kittens. The pleasure (and the profit) lies in making plays that appear to follow the book but actually give such unimaginative opponents a false idea of what you're holding.

The proper use (and international misuse) of the Golden Rules of bridge is akin to the fine art of quarterbacking. A necromancer like Y. A. Tittle will send his right end out on the same deep-pass pattern two or three times, and each time he will hand off into the line. Now the defensive backs begin to get the idea that Y. A. is using that deep end for a decoy, so they pay less attention to him and more attention to backing up the line. *Bang!* On the next play, Y. A. flings one 50 yards to the "decoy" and the game is busted wide open.

Y. A. Tittle's counterpart at the bridge table will consistently lead the queen from a queen-jack in obedience to the rule: always lead queen from queen-jack. Then he will pick up the *unguarded* queen-jack and nonchalantly lead the jack. The rule-bound opponent will say to himself, "He doesn't have the queen or he'd have led it. So I'll have to finesse his partner for the queen." Finesse fails.

But please note: the deception works only because the leader previously obeyed the rule consistently—which brings us to a more or less obvious point: an occasional unorthodox play wins, but too frequent unorthodoxy must lose—in the long run.

Timing and dash and verve are the essence continued

his book "Who Dealt This Mess?" The introduction to the book was written by Charles Goren, a frequent tablemate of Webster.

© Mrs. H. T. Webster & Philo C. Calhoun

of the matter. The opponents expect certain consistencies in your game, and your play should be reasonably consistent, else you will hopelessly muddle your partner. But if you play the cards and not the rules you will find opportunities to throw the opponents for a loss by doing something irregular. Here is a simple case in point: You are leading against a small slam, and you hold a doubleton king in a suit that dummy has bid strongly. You *know* that dummy sits over you with the ace. Was there ever a king deader than yours? There is apparently no way to make it good. But suppose you lead low from your doubleton king. Immediately declarer has a problem. He can afford to lose only one trick, and he hasn't the vaguest idea where that missing king is. If he is like many players, he will assume that you would not underlead a king in this situation and therefore he will play your partner for it and go up with the ace. Now your king has returned from the dead and should win a trick.

In the catastrophic event that the declarer outthinks you and refuses to play the ace, what has happened? You have lost a king that you expected to lose anyway. You were, in fact, taking a line of play that offered some slight hope. If it works once in 100 times you are ahead of the game. It is my experience it works far more often, as this hand from a major tournament shows:

NORTH
♠ —
♥ 9 8 3 2
♦ 10 6 5 4 3
♣ J 10 7 6

WEST
♠ 8 7 2
♥ A Q J 10 4
♦ Q J
♣ A Q 8

EAST
♠ A K Q 10 6 3
♥ 7 5
♦ A K 2
♣ K 9

SOUTH
♠ J 9 5 4
♥ K 6
♦ 9 8 7
♣ 5 4 3 2

In the bidding, West mentioned hearts twice, showing beyond any reasonable doubt that he had the outstanding honors. East bid spades strongly, and the final contract was six spades. Now view the hand from both sides of the table. On the defense side South was fairly certain that he had one good trump—the jack. From the bidding, it had been apparent that East, the declarer, had the top spades. But it was equally apparent that South's king of hearts was going to be trapped by West's loudly advertised heart strength—unless South underled his king of hearts.

Now view the hand from the declarer's seat. With a combined holding of nine spades to the A K Q, he was confident that he would be able to drop the outstanding trumps; he had no reason to believe otherwise. But if South's heart lead were a singleton and North took the king and returned a heart for South to ruff, a cold slam might go down the drain. So declarer played the ace of hearts from dummy's hand. Now, he knew that the outstanding king of hearts would cost him one trick but every other trick would be his, barring an outlandish split in trump. Well, he got the outlandish split and down he went. This puts us in position to see another rule of deception: *when you want to get away with something, strike quickly.*

If South did not make his tricky move at the opening gun, declarer would soon find out that the trumps were 4–0. This would force him to try the heart finesse in desperation. And in safety. It would work, and he'd make his slam.

There is a slight variation in underleading kings that also can mislead unwitting opponents. Suppose you are on lead and you hold K J 5 or K 10 3, knowing that next hand has the remaining honors. By leading the jack or the 10 you may give the opponent the fearful feeling that you are leading a singleton and that he must play his ace now or kiss it goodby. What he actually kisses goodby is his chance to capture your king. Once again, you must pull this maneuver with the speed of a cobra. With each succeeding trick the declarer gets to know more and more about the opposing hands, and soon he is going to have yours figured out. By that time all the deception in the world isn't going to fool him.

I'm ashamed to confess it, but all this adds up to a lesson in how to become a thief and a liar. You will become a thief of tricks, stealing what is not properly yours, and you will become a liar because you will play cards that seem to say something they do not. But bridge is one activity where certain forms of deception are not only approved of, but fun. What a difference there is—in sheer pleasure—between a staid old set game where everybody follows the old axioms automatically and a wide-open razzle-dazzle game where nobody can count on anybody to play in a predictable pattern. Just suppose, for example, that you're the declarer at a contract of three no trump and, as soon as the opening diamond lead goes down, you can see that you're dead as a duck if the opponents attack your hearts. So you run off a few tricks in your strong suits, and then you nonchalantly lead a heart. "What have we here?" says a skilled opponent to himself. "That sly old dog is trying to set up a trick in hearts." This thinker gets on lead, and a heart is the last thing he'll play. And you, my friend the faker, will make your contract. It doesn't happen often, but when it does you'll want to send me a bouquet of flowers.

I knew a man who advised that you should whistle softly under your breath while making such suicide leads. There he would sit, exhaling a merry tune, his face a study in confidence and nonchalance, and his opponents would figure that he had the contract cold. He got away with some wildly confusing gambits until the other members of the club caught on and developed a countermeasure. As one of them expressed it, "When that son of a gun whistles while he's making a lead, return his suit as fast as you can!" I don't know what ever happened to this man—probably he is dealing three-card monte on a riverboat and whistling his head off.

A move that is akin to this chicanery is the phony finesse, which has a thousand different forms, all of them effective against rule-book opponents. When you play a contract, never forget that you can see all of your cards, but each opponent can see only half of the defensive array. Therefore it is easy to deceive them into thinking you're trying a finesse when in fact you're committing grand larceny. Take a setup like this:

J 10 6 2

Q 5 4 A 9 8 7 3

K

Your other suits present no problem, but you would like to sneak home that king. Do you lead low from dummy and hope that East will duck? That might work, but a better approach is to encourage East to duck by giving him a false impression. So you lead the jack. If you will cover up the South and West hands, you will see that to East this looks exactly like an attempt to finesse

continued

Barney Oldfield, who personified American auto racing, stands between his brand-new Marmon and faithful old "999" (vintage 1902). In 1927 New England Life was in its 93rd year.

Were you born in 1927?

You can accumulate more dollars than you pay for New England Life insurance. Look at the figures.

It's interesting to look back, isn't it? But the time comes when you have to look to the future as well. A time like now—when you find yourself approaching your late thirties.

There's no way of telling what will happen during the years ahead. But you can face those years with confidence when you've protected your family with a New England Life cash-value policy. And that same life insurance policy can give you thousands of dollars more than you put into it!

Say you buy a $20,000 policy now. Then assume you use the dividends to build up additional protection automatically through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is $17,549. But premium payments total only $13,742. So all the dollars you put in and *$3,807 more* can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from $20,000 to $29,202!

Here's what to do right now, whatever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Just write: New England Life, Department 2S, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

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the queen. East reasons that the finesse has to lose and his ace will be good for another trick later. You have duped him into ducking; your king takes the trick, and you lose *nothing* in the suit, thanks to the finesse that wasn't.

There is no move in bridge that provides as much unalloyed joy as the finesse. It comes in handy in the classical sense, when you are trying to trap an outstanding honor, but it comes in just as handy in the larcenous sense, when you are trying to sell some unsuspecting opponent the Brooklyn Bridge. It can even be used to beat coffeehousers at their own game. Years ago I was playing against a wealthy Philadelphia dowager who needed to win in our tenth-of-a-cent game as much as J. Paul Getty needs contributions of old clothes. I was playing a slam hand, and after the opening lead the woman handed her cards to a kibitzer and said, "Here, play these for me while I go to the ladies' room." As it happened, I was trying to figure out which way to try a finesse against the missing queen of trumps. When the aristocrat handed her cards to a kibitzer, I jumped to the naive conclusion that her hand was a bust. And as you've already guessed, she held three trumps to the queen and I went down one. After that, I developed a trick of my own to handle people who try to coffeehouse me into misplaying finesses. First, you select a suit in which you have all the top honors, something like this:

A 10 4 3

K Q J 5

You lead the jack from your hand, and you watch the next player closely. If he puzzles and frets and stews about his play, you know he's a coffeehouser, because you know he has nothing to puzzle and fret and stew about. He is merely trying to give you the old Chase & Sanborn and make you think he has the "missing" queen. So you write this down in your mental notebook and, from then on, you know how to read him when you *are* finessing. Later the cards come up like this:

A 10 5 3

K J 9 6

You lead the jack from your hand against this same player, and he throws out a small card without any hesitation. Now he's trying to flimflam you into thinking he *doesn't* have the queen; therefore you play him for it and win the trick with the jack in your hand. Conversely, if this same coffeehouser goes into a trance over your jack lead, you must play him not to have the queen; you win the trick in dummy and take a finesse against the other opponent.

There is absolutely nothing unethical about your play (although there is about his). In trying to guess the location of a finessable card, you may take advantage of any clues provided by your opponents —although you do so at your own risk. P. Hal Sims always played the finessable card to lie in the hand of the opponent who talked first, or tied his shoe, or ordered a drink, or hummed. Zany as it sounds, Sims almost invariably guessed where the card was. He became so renowned for this uncanny ability that once a pair of opponents rigged a deck so that each of them held the same finessable card. After a few plays, Sims flung his cards down and announced: "There's something wrong here. Both you pigeons have the queen of clubs!"

There are more theories about how to find the finessable card than there are patents on perpetual-motion machines. When I used to play in Philadelphia, an esteemed colleague came up with this wild rule: if you have no clues whatsoever, finesse toward City Hall. Another approach, only slightly more logical, is to play the queen to lie over the jack; *i.e.*, if North hand holds the jack, East will hold the queen. The "reasoning" is something called "the perpetuation of covered honors and lost finesses"; the queen may have covered the jack during the play of a previous hand, and imperfect shuffling has left it there. You'd be surprised how many would-be finessers blindly follow this rule. What's more, it works well—for unthinking players. Why? Because it prevents the coin-toss guesser from being whipsawed. By playing for the queen to lie behind the jack every time, he gets an even break.

The wise player throws out all such gimmicks and tries to guess the two-way finesse in a more rational manner. Now and then the problem will take care of itself; the missing card *must* be in a certain hand or the contract is down anyway. Under those conditions you have no choice but to finesse in the direction determined by the cards. But if you do have a choice, remember this: the person with the greater number of cards in the suit is the one more likely to have the card you're trying to find.

If East figures to have one or two spades and West figures to have three or four, look for the queen of spades to be with West. You won't be right every time, but you'll be right often enough to make you glad you learned the rule. That much is easy, but what is not so easy is how to determine who is holding the larger number of spades. And that little problem takes us into a far-out land where most bridge players never venture: the land of "counting."

Counting a hand is a trick that some people can do almost without thinking and others can never seem to master. It always comes as a shock to the average player, playing with experts, to find that after a few tricks everybody at the table knows his hand. Once a player came to me and insisted that Helen Sobel had some way of reading his cards. He said, "I made my second lead and she said, 'Why didn't you bid? You had an opening bid.' The hell of it was I *did* have an opener, but all I had led so far was a king and a 9."

Counting is an occult art in which not more than 10% of the world's bridge players are proficient, and it is not an absolute prerequisite to winning bridge. The ability to stop midway in a hand and calculate with Sobelesque precision exactly what cards remain in which hand and what cards have dropped from each hand is very much like the talent for being able to juggle six balls, whirl a hoop around one ankle, balance atop a pony and sing *My Melancholy Baby* all at the same time. For my own part, counting has never been my specialty. Sure, I know how to count hands, and I will do so if there is no other way out. But mainly I am lazy, and this has led me to use certain shortcuts. I don't mean the kind that have been briefly fashionable in the past. In the 1930's, for example, somebody came out with a bridge table containing 52 buttons in front of each player. Every time a card was played each person would push the corresponding button, and thus the hands could be continuously counted. Aside from being somewhat illegal, this gimmick made a foursome of bridge players look like a quartet of accordionists, and it soon fell of its own weight.

A more dependable approach to counting the hand is to learn a few basic

facts and then back them up with that native intelligence I keep talking about. First, some probabilities:

When there is an even number of cards out against you, they probably will not break evenly.

When there is an odd number of cards out against you, they probably will break as evenly as possible.

With those two facts firmly in mind, you will be in a position to start counting hands the next time you sit down to play. But these rules will be worthless without some help from you. Suppose, for example, there are five hearts out against you. The probability is that they will break three-two. But if one of your opponents has bid spades and diamonds, there isn't going to be much room in his hand for hearts, and the chances are you won't get your three-two split. In spite of this simple, commonsense reasoning, many players will barge ahead, blissfully counting on the split prescribed by "law." What they forget is that the probabilities vary with the bidding, and on a hand like this one you had better prepare yourself for a four-one or even a five-0 split. That is what I mean by using your head. If you hear a man bid two suits and support his partner in a third, you shouldn't need to lean on a rule to see what's coming.

I advise you to stick with those two rules I gave you: even cards won't split; odd cards will split as closely as possible. Then you will be prepared to play holdings like this:

WEST	EAST
A K Q 4 3	5 2

As East, you're playing in no trump, and West's only side entry has been knocked out. What approach would you take? You're a rare bridge player if you wouldn't lay down the ace, king and queen, looking for a three-three split. But a three-three split occurs only 36 times out of 100. That leaves 64 times out of 100 when your play would be disastrous. Following the probability that the suit won't split—unless you absolutely must have five tricks out of this holding—you should concede the first trick by playing small from both hands. After that you are all but certain to take the optimum four tricks. Similarly, you hold:

WEST	EAST
A K J 6	5 4 3 2

You don't play to drop the queen; you try the finesse, of course, following the ancient adage about finessing: "Nine never, eight ever." But do you know the logic behind the adage? The five missing cards figure to be split three-two. Furthermore, the missing queen will probably be in the hand that holds three. Therefore most of the time the lead of ace and king will not drop it. Half the times that it would drop, the finesse also works. Ergo, *finesse! But not until the second round.* North *may* hold a singleton queen.

But suppose you hold:

WEST	EAST
A J 10 2	K 9 7 4

Again you start with the assumption that the break will be three-two, but from that point you're on your own. You can finesse either way, and you are going to have to stop and review some of the facts about the hand. Let's say you hold the above cards in hearts. If one opponent has bid spades aggressively, he probably is long in spades and, therefore, proportionately shorter in hearts. If one player has bid clubs and diamonds, you may mark him as the one who is shorter in hearts. Thus you get some indication of which way to finesse.

Another shortcut to figuring out the holdings around the table is our old friend, the "law of symmetry" of distributions. If you have a singleton, watch out for another singleton somewhere. If you have a seven-card suit, somebody else is likely to have one. *It all sounds absurdly elementary,* but the fact remains that many players will pick up a seven-six freak or a six-six-one freak and then play their cards as though everybody else at the table is holding a square hand. Then they will curse the gods of distribution when they lead an ace into an opponent's void and go down one.

But what if there is no way to count the enemy hands? Neither opponent has talked, or bid, or grimaced, or even put in a hesitation bid or a significant cough. Then pretend that the missing honors are where they would have to be in order to make the hand, and proceed accordingly.

As West you may hold in trumps:

WEST	EAST
A K 10 9 8	3 2

Assuming that there is no other way to approach the hand and absolutely no hint of the opponents' holdings, lead low from dummy through South. If South holds queen-jack of trumps, you will make all the trump tricks. The worst that can happen is that they will turn out to be with North, in which case you probably had to lose them anyway.

Or, in another situation, you may find that the only way to make a contract is, say, to play South for a singleton king and North for the other three cards in the suit. *If you are dead certain there* is no other way, play to drop the king. It will work only one time in 16, but then you will have something to talk about for a month. The opponents will say you were lucky, and they will be right. But at least you had the good judgment to buy a ticket on this particular long shot. You will not have counted the way the hand was but the way it *had to be* in order for you to be successful.

The same technique can work on defense if you ask yourself, "I wonder where the setting trick is coming from?" Sometimes, of course, the answer is that there isn't any setting trick to be had; the opponents have the tickets and you must pay and go quietly. But while there's life there's hope, if you train yourself to look around for a straw to grasp. Suppose you are East with this layout:

NORTH	EAST
♠ Q J 9 5	♠ 2
♥ K Q 9	♥ A J 10
♦ 2	♦ A K J 8 4
♣ A K Q J 5	♣ 10 7 6 2

North has opened the bidding with one club, your diamond overcall has been passed back to him, he doubles, you pass, South jumps to two spades and North bids four.

West, your dear old silent partner, leads the five of diamonds, and while you are taking the trick you start counting your other winners. You're taking a diamond. You can also grab the ace of hearts. But you aren't going to get another diamond. You are hardly likely to win a trick in clubs and, on the bidding, it is virtually impossible for partner to win two tricks in spades; in fact, he may not even be able to win one.

But unless he can win a trump trick you are kaput, and even if he does win one—wait a minute. Do you see a place that another trick might possibly come from? Well, assuming that your partner can win that trump trick, there may be

continued

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

The difference in brake linings is shocking!

I recently witnessed the hairiest brake lining tests ever conducted.

Nineteen leading brands were put through killing torture tests at Daytona International Speedway. NASCAR officials supervised every step of the tests.

What I saw was shocking. Only 3 of the 19 brands met my standards of quality and safety under meat-axey conditions. Some of the linings disintegrated like soot under a steam hose. Some couldn't even answer the bell for the final round.

And these gutless turkeys are the very linings some dealer might install on your car.

If you learn only one thing from reading this column, it should be to ask for replacement linings by brand name.

Which brand? The best I can do for you is to give you the name of the brand that outperformed all others at Daytona. True, two other brands survived the tests in good physical condition. But both were a little groggy and called for more driving skill and pedal pressure from NASCAR drivers Nelson Stacy and Marvin Panch.

Now get this: Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings outperformed them all!

Next time you need your brakes relined, look for the dealer who displays the Grey-Rock emblem. He really means it when he says, "You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life."

Tom McCahill

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a way for you to win two tricks in hearts. To get them, however, you have to make the "sucker" lead away from your ace up to dummy's king-queen. If South doesn't have a trump trick to lose, you will have lost your ace of hearts by this play. But then you could never have beaten the hand, and what's the difference if they make five or six?

So you make the desperation play of the jack of hearts.

Here are the unseen hands:

WEST	SOUTH
♠ K 8 3	♠ A 10 7 6 4
♥ 8 7 4 2	♥ 6 5 3
♦ 9 7 6 5	♦ Q 10 3
♣ 4 3	♣ 9 8

When you lead the jack of hearts, North makes a trick with the queen. South takes a spade finesse, and partner is in. Now, if you thought out your second lead before you even took the first trick you will have helped him make the right play, because you will have won the first trick with the ace of diamonds, not the king. But even without that milepost, West must ask himself where else the setting tricks can come from except the heart suit. His heart return rolls through dummy's now unprotected king and you collect two heart tricks to defeat the contract, on a hand where no other lead at Trick 2 would have given you the slightest chance of success.

A blood brother to this sort of attack is the let-'em-make-a-mistake approach, which is possible on hands that are just about hopeless. There isn't so much as a whisper of a prayer that you can set the contract, unless the opposition blows sky-high. So give them their opportunity. You'd be surprised how often the declarer will block himself from the board, or try a totally unnecessary finesse that gets him in trouble, or make some obscure safety play based on heaven only knows what mental aberrations. I knew a player who would explode if his partner gave up on a hopeless hand and threw it in. "That's criminal," he once said to me. "Doesn't that jerk of a partner of mine know the other team can make mistakes? Why, *they might revoke!*" Waiting around for the opposition to revoke is not my idea of the perfect defense, but I must say I admire this fellow's spirit.

We must also face the fact that hoping for the opponents to blow a hand can cut both ways. I have seen frightful mistakes that worked out better than the correct line of play would have, as in this hand:

NORTH
♠ 5 4
♥ Q J 10 8 7
♦ K 2
♣ 10 9 8 6

WEST	EAST
♠ 8 6	♠ 9
♥ 9 3 2	♥ 6 5
♦ A 10 5 4 3	♦ Q J 9 8
♣ A J 7	♣ K Q 5 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A K Q J 10 7 3 2
♥ A K 4
♦ 7 6
♣

There were three passes to South, who made the astounding bid of seven spades. West doubled and led the ace of diamonds, setting the contract one. As South ruefully explained to me later, "If he had led his ace of clubs I would have made it." Well, playing against me, South *would* have made the hand, despite his poor bidding. Sitting West, I would have figured that the declarer must have at least one void to open seven spades though missing two aces. Since I held five diamonds and only three clubs, I would mark him for the diamond void and lead the ace of clubs, and he would then rattle off 13 tricks.

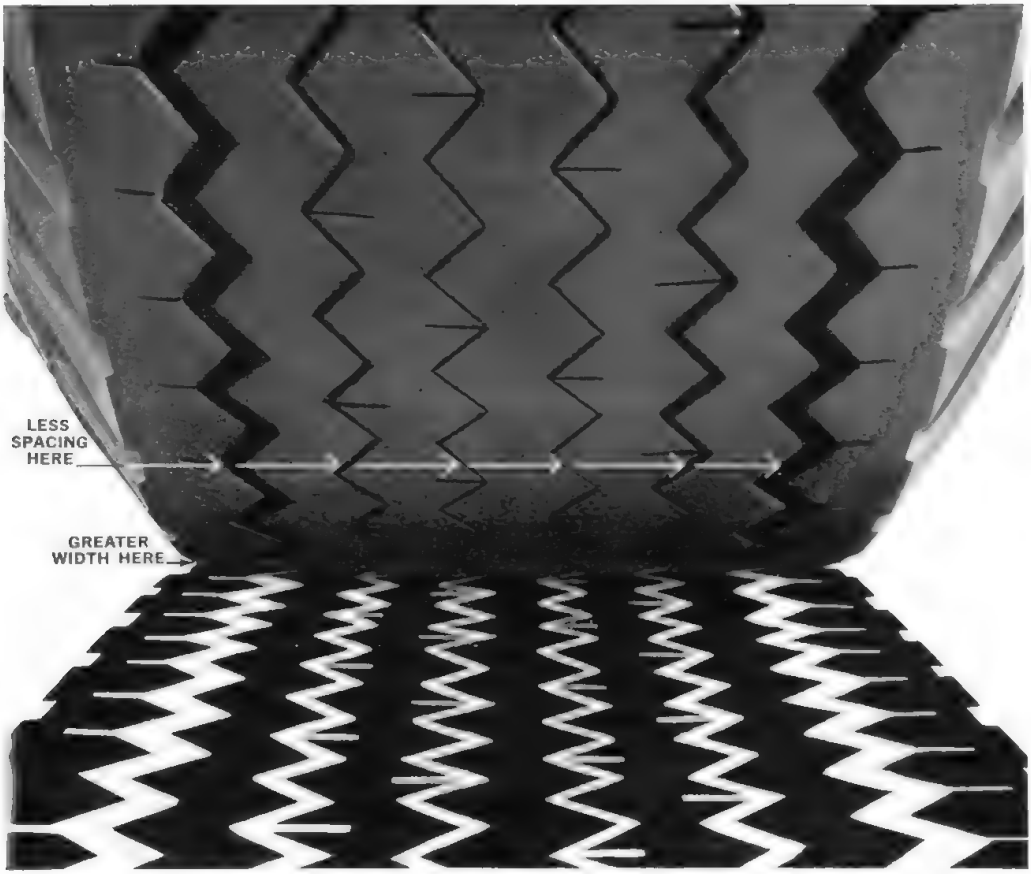
The next time one of the numerous stuffed shirts of bridge starts explaining to you what an exact science the game is, show him that West hand and ask him what he would lead against a seven-spade opener. You are bound to run into at least one who will make a pronouncement to the effect that "you would never lead the diamond ace. You would always lead the ace of clubs." Then you flash the whole hand at him and finish off your lesson in humility by quoting the good Viscount Grey of Fallodon:

"There is only one theory about [it] in which I have perfect confidence, and this is that the two words least appropriate to any statement about it are the words: always and never."

Grey was actually talking about fishing, but I warned you that this was going to be a lesson in lying.

BRIDGE IS FOR FOUR

It is more than a partnership game. In the final article of this series, Goren describes how to make it fun for all four.



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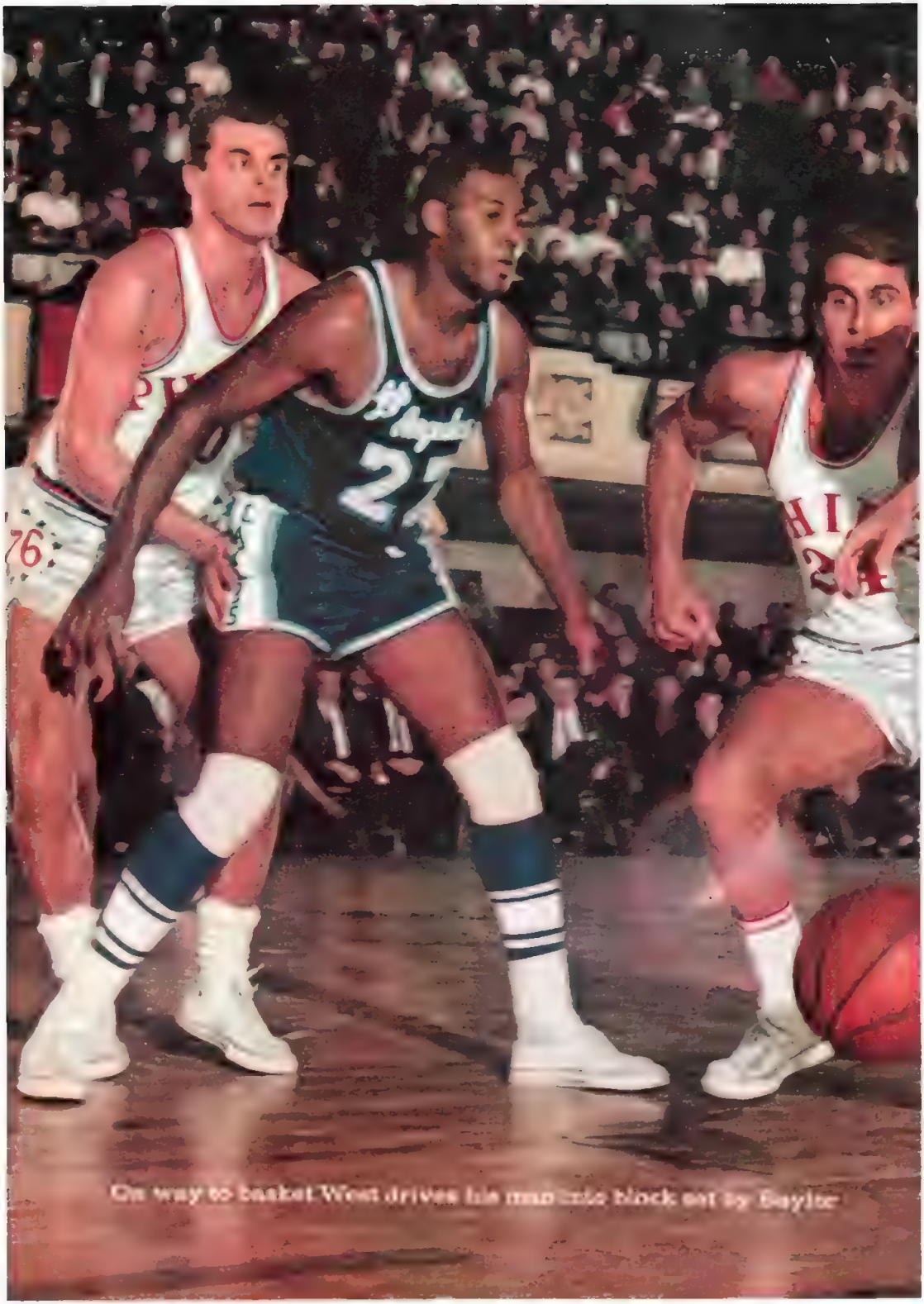
GOODYEAR

THE BEST ONE-TWO PUNCH IN BASKETBALL

There is no such thing as a two-man basketball team except in publicity releases and Burt L. Standish novels. But if you were to have Jerry West and Elgin Baylor on your team, as Los Angeles has, you could be sure that everybody else would think you had a two-man team, and you would, too, if you were the least bit sensitive to statistics. Basket for basket, there is no greater pairing in pro basketball. When they are healthy and together, they are Blanchard and Davis in briefs, the highest-scoring double in the NBA. They are not big in a classic basketball sense: West is a mere 6 feet 3, Baylor is 6 feet 5. They just play big. "They take the pressure off one another," says Laker Coach Fred Schaus. "No one dares jam up on one, because the other will kill them. One helps the other constantly [examples: West snap-passing to Baylor, right, and action on following pages]. They are money players." In one stretch last year Los Angeles won 42 of 50 games when West and Baylor were whole. This year West has been out with a broken thumb, and Baylor has been slowed by calcium deposits in his knees. If they are back to their incomparable norm by playoff time, LA should still be best in the West.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

TAYLOR
22
LAKERS
6
16
35



On way to basket West drives his man into block out by Baylor

LAKERS

Lakers' best rebounder, Baylor gauges West shot for possible follow-up

STILL A RACE

March usually finds the National Basketball Association races all settled. The divisional leaders are so comfortably on top that key players are being rested and reserves given a chance to show their stuff before the playoffs.

Not this year. With only eight games left in the regular season, nothing is settled. Three teams still can win in the West; two in the East. Coaches are touchier than ever, players add and subtract their expected playoff money after each game, and the NBA owners are delighted with races that keep the customers coming.

Momentarily, the race is to the slow in the Western Division. The big and ponderous San Francisco Warriors are first because Wilt Chamberlain is performing this year as if he really were *the best basketball player in the world* (SI, March 2). They have a slim lead over the St. Louis Hawks and a longer lead over the defending champion Los Angeles Lakers. Their injured 6-foot-11 Nate Thurmond and steady Guard Gary Phillips should be back in the lineup shortly. The Lakers are finally getting close to full service from superstars Elgin Baylor and Jerry West. Even if they do not win their pennant they must be rated the divisional playoff favorites.

In the East, traditionally, the Celtics appeared to be winners by November—intimidating and running away from their opponents like a Ferrari in a field of Mini Minors. But even though they showed their expected early foot, the Celtics are fighting for their lives and reputations against the young and eager Cincinnati Royals, just a couple of games behind. In games between the two, the Royals have not been intimidated at all. They have beaten the Celtics six times in 10 games, prompting Royal Coach Jack McMahon to say wistfully: "I only wish we had more games with them." No one has talked about the Celtics that way since Bill Russell arrived in Boston in 1957. But McMahon's implication may indeed be valid. Boston can be had this year. **END**

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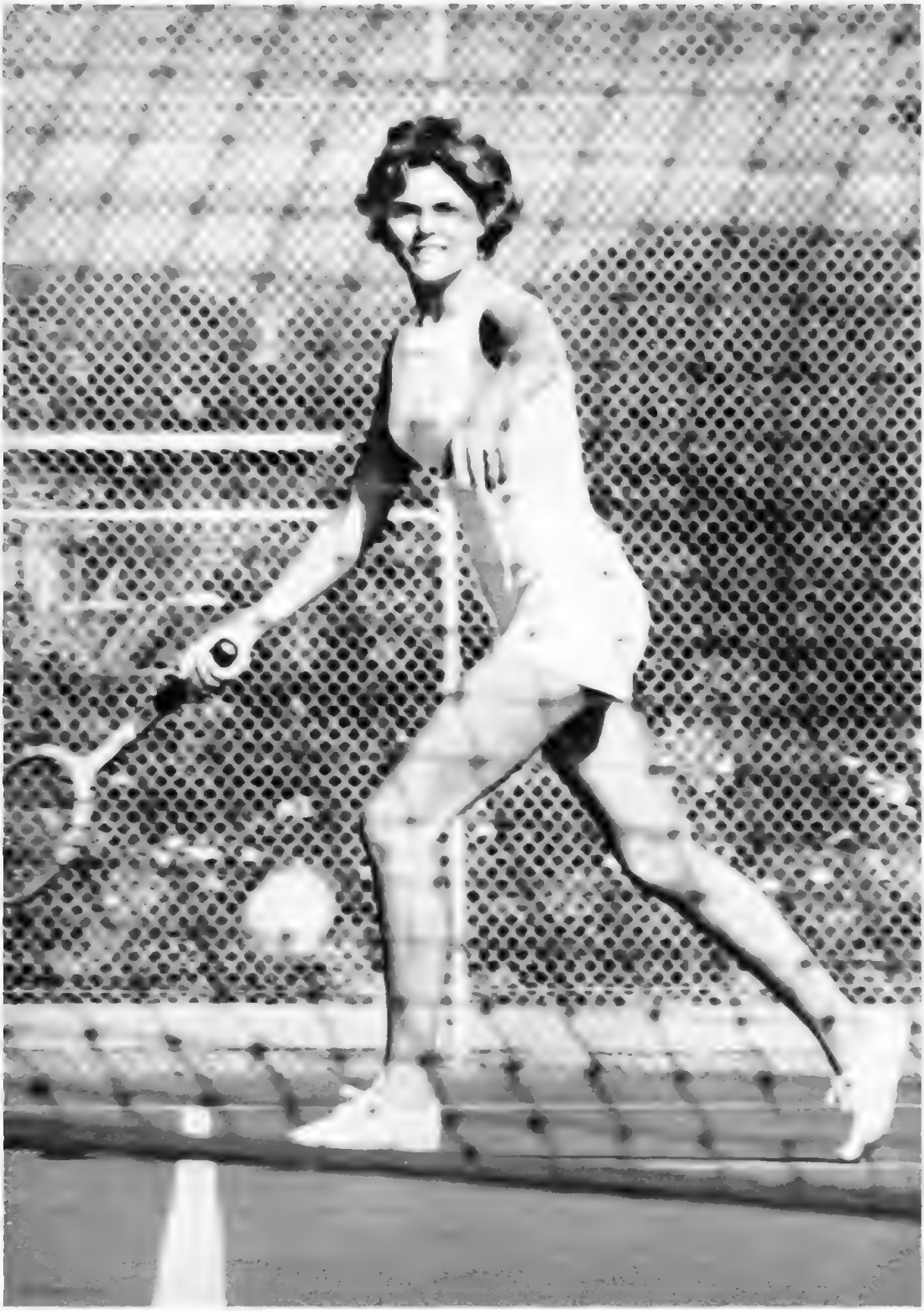
Action

is built into the very fabric of new clothes for sport. They all stretch, but now there is a difference: "stretch" used to mean tight pants, one-size socks, girdles and grow-with-the-baby clothes. This spring it also means fabrics that expand in one specific direction when the body is in motion. In motion here, racing along Malibu Beach, are the William Gerritt Coopers and their daughters, all clad in denim that expands on the horizontal. For what makes the stretch, and who makes the clothes, see the following five pages.

CONTINUED



In the California spirit Glenn Cooper (left) and husband Gerry (above right) excel at many sports. Glenn was Pacific Coast water ski champion at 16 and is a tournament-winning tennis player. Gerry races speedboats, has ridden the white water of the Colorado River and climbed Mauna Kea volcano in Hawaii on a motorcycle. Both like horizontal stretch in their tennis clothes. Stretch fabrics that have swing room built right into the weave make possible the uncluttered design of golf jackets like Peter Charlton's (lower right, shown teeing off at Los Robles Greens). The gussets, pleats and elastic inserts characteristic of golf clothes in the past have been replaced by up to 40% horizontal stretch in a Dacron-cotton-Lycra fabric that also has a water-repellent finish.

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BEARD

Riding clothes, which must fit snugly to prevent chafing, are improved by stretch. The breeches worn by Pauline Candy (left) are of a Helanca-and-rayon fabric that flexes on the vertical. Her all-cotton ratcatcher shirt has a small amount of horizontal give. Peter Charlton's western jacket and jeans show the new direction for denim: both have a big give sideways. The neck-stretching colt belongs to the Conejo

Ranch. Both Peter and Jo Anne Charlton bowled in the 170s before they started wearing stretch bowling clothes. However, the Dacron-worsted-and-Lycra slacks he is wearing are a natural for bowling, as well as walking, squatting, sitting or golfing. Jo Anne's one-piece culotte of sand-colored Dacron-cotton and-Lycra poplin gives easily as she follows through. Stretch fabrics are also being used for the first time in men's tuxedos, summer sport jackets, suits and raincoats and are the most significant development in comfortable and casual apparel since wash-and-wear.

CONTINUED

Our Definition of Disability.

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STRETCH FACTS

Man-made stretch fabrics can be classified in three main groups.

False twist: Helanca, a process of twisting nylon yarn, heat-setting it and untwisting it before weaving, was the forerunner of this group. Developed by a Swiss firm, Heberlein, Helanca stretch nylon and wool was first used in ski pants by the Bogners in 1952. Since then other firms using twist and heat-set methods have created similar stretch yarns, which are called, as a group, false twist.

Slack mercerization: This process is applied after weaving to linen or cotton fabrics, such as shirtings, which are crimped and set with resins or chemicals.

Spandex: This is a synthetic yarn whose recovery lasts up to 10 times longer than that of rubber and is used for power-stretch items such as swimsuits and girdles. There are several trade names for spandex: Du Pont's is Lycra; U.S. Rubber, Vyrene; Chemstrand, Spandex C; and Firestone, Spandelle. Lycra has been used as a core around which other fibers have been spun, varying its surface appearance. Called core-spun Lycra, its typical use is in suits and sport clothes.

•

WHERE TO BUY: Pages 42 and 43: Glenn Cooper's stretch denims are 75% cotton, 25% stretch nylon (all denim here is false-twist stretch). Pullover top ($10) and pants ($7) are by Valor, at Higbee's, Cleveland. Gerry's denim windbreaker ($20) is 71% cotton, 29% stretch nylon, by Mighty-Mac, at Phelps-Terkel, Beverly Hills. His stretch-denim Levi's ($7) and the children's ($5) are at Macy's, New York.

Pages 44 and 45: Both tennis outfits are 74% cotton, 26% stretch nylon (false-twist). Her suit is by Frank Smith for Evan-Picone. His shorts ($10) by CoBerKnit are at Sakowitz, Houston. Tennis shoes are B. F. Goodrich. Golf jacket ($25), made of Klopman's 60% Dacron, 33% cotton, 7% Lycra poplin (core-spun Lycra), by Zero King, is at Lord & Taylor, New York.

Page 46: Ratcatcher shirt ($6) is cotton (slack-mercerized). Yellow breeches ($30) are 50% Helanca, 50% rayon (false-twist). Both are at Miller's, New York. Jacket ($17.50) is Sedgefield's 47% Helanca, 35% Dacron, 18% cotton denim, by Blue Bell. Wrangler jeans ($6) are also stretch denim.

Page 47: Gray slacks ($16) are 53% Dacron, 42% worsted, 5% Lycra, by Thomson, at Burdine's, Miami. Culotte is 61% Dacron, 32% cotton, 7% Lycra poplin, by Evan-Picone. (Both are core-spun Lycra.) Bowling shoes are by A.M.F. END

Everybody who was anybody, it seems, was right there at ringside covering the big fight for the nation's press. There was, for instance, the fashion world's perennially best-dressed **Mrs. Loel Guinness**, taking notes about Sonny Liston's monogrammed trunks for *Harper's Bazaar*. **George** (*Writers at Work*) **Plimpton** had his ears peeled in case Cassius Clay should drop a *mot* worthy of reprint in *Harper's*. **Murray Kempton** was there to get the political angle for *The New Republic*, while **Norman Mailer** and **Budd Schulberg** scribbled notes respectively for *Esquire* and *Playboy*.

Approaching the plate at a Christchurch hotel after he landed a 587-pound thresher shark off the New Zealand coast, caught a rainbow trout in a stream near Rotorua and bagged a deer in the bush 70 miles away—all in a single day—Boston's onetime Home Run King **Ted Williams** gasped, "I'd sure like to do it again, but right now where do I get a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

"Maybe what we need is handball in the Olympics," said 54-year-old **Russell DeYoung**, President of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. "I didn't see a court in Russia, so I'll bet we could take them, and I'd like to be on the team. I can take out a lot of frustration from the plant, slamming that ball," said the hard-hitting president of the world's largest rubber company, "and besides, don't forget the ball is made of rubber."

If there is a parallel between golf and war, that trouble out in South Vietnam should be cleared up in short order now that Admiral **Ulysses Simpson Grant Sharp Jr.** has been named to head the Pacific command. The pro at Washington's Army-Navy country club says of the admiral (who shoots in the low 80s): "He always plays at a brisk clip and has a very strong will to win, and he is really excellent at bouncing back from trouble."

Still smarting from last year's blisters, Nevada's Governor **Grant Sawyer** firmly vetoed the suggestion that he lead another Bobby Kennedy-type 50-mile hike, and he was not alone in the decision. "I'm not going on any more idiot marches," echoed press officer **Chris Schaller**, the 220-pound Nevada equivalent of Pierre Salinger, while old statehouse hands **Richard Ham** and **Robert Faiss** chorused "We may be unhealthy, but we're not stupid."

In Africa to woo wavering Communists away from Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung's traveling salesman, Premier **Chou En-lai** (*below, far right*), stopped long enough in Accra to persuade Ghana's President **Kwame Nkrumah** (*left*) that Red China packs a powerful punch on the ping-pong table, even if it so far lacks the atomic serve of rival Russia in other arenas.

Ping-pong was a matter of contention between two members of the diplomatic set in another corner of the cold war as well. "Cabot always beats me," complained the wife of U.S. Ambassador **Henry Cabot Lodge** after a fast game with her husband in Saigon, "and it's infuriating because I still think I am better than he is."

In San Francisco to represent his father at Sweden Week, King Gustav Adolf's third son, **Prince Bertil**, attended as many smorgasbord banquets as his digestion could stand, then crept away unannounced to enjoy less Nordic pleasures. "It would be unthinkable," said the sporting prince defiantly, "to visit the Bay area without playing some golf at Cypress Point and Pebble Beach."

As **Beatrice** (Actress **Jacqueline Brookes**) lightly tossed her quarrelsome lover **Benedick** (Actor **Philip Bosco**) to the mat in a New York gym, Shakespearean Director **Allen Fletcher** explained that these and 24 other members of his Stratford, Conn. troupe were taking judo lessons. Why? "It is excellent conditioning, gives them physical confidence and makes them light on their feet," said Fletcher. As for the women, "they seem to have an instinct for it."

"The real reason **Ted Sorensen** is leaving the White House," explained Sorensen's outspoken deputy, **Mike Feldman**, "is that he failed the White House tennis team. We lost to the correspondents, so it was necessary to trade Ted to Harvard." Feldman characterized himself, **McGeorge Bundy** and **Tazwell Shepard** as varsity material, but dismissed their teammates, **Pierre Salinger** and **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.**, as "fair players."

Fed up with the futility of trying to lower the scores of all duffers—including himself—Golfer **Fred Charlton** renounced the links, quit his job as teaching pro at the De Soto Lake Country Club and announced that he would devote himself exclusively to the sport of which he has been world champion since 1954—yo-yo. "It's a less frustrating game," he explained.

BASKETBALL / *John Underwood*

The king of the hill is no patsy

Peppery George Ireland has his Ramblers hopping for the NCAA

The comforts of being a national champion are extravagant. Since his Loyola University basketball team won at Louisville last year, George Ireland (*above*) has been named Coach of the Year four times and Man of the Year twice, received a raise, a George Ireland Day in Skokie, Ill., a full-time assistant coach he won't have to pay out of his own pocket, a $1,280 trophy case he is encouraged to clutter up, a whirlpool bath to facilitate training, keys to New Orleans and Camden, N.J., and a blue-eyed, blonde secretary named Dawn to wake up the front office. Though Ireland is head of the Loyola athletic department, he never had a full-time secretary before, and Miss Dutzler—Dawn—sticks out like a sorely needed thumb.

The discomforts of being the defending national champion have to do with that part about defending it. Ireland ran into Elston Howard of the Yankees at a banquet the other night and explained how fans in other places now boo his team like mad and sometimes throw eggs. Home folks put the knock on him for not beating Fizby Tech by 50 points or more. Opponents, practically drooling, engage Loyola in play like it was Guadalcanal instead of basketball. "Little Loyola does not sneak up on people anymore," sighed Ireland. "There is not much breathing room at the top."

"Now you know what it's like to be a Yankee," said Howard.

"Yes," answered Ireland. "And I love it, don't you?"

In their exalted, assailable residence at the center of the target, the Ramblers have won 19 of 24 games this year, including a rockaby 117-63 victory over Marshall last weekend. For their kind of perilous living, that is not bad—19 victories. Yet Ireland is surprised. "I am surprised," he said, "that we lost five games. I was surprised we lost two to Wichita, surprised we lost to St. John's and Memphis State, and I was certainly surprised we lost to Georgetown. But don't tell me 19 and 5, or 20 and 5 if we beat Ohio Tuesday, is a disappointing season, because I'll take that kind of disappointment any season."

Ireland was asked if he therefore thought it possible Loyola could make it to Kansas City later this month and win a second straight NCAA championship. "Definitely," he said definitely, and eagerly began to outline how he might play Michigan ("We'd give Russell 25, and Buntin 25, too") or Ohio State ("That Bradds worries me, but he's the only one") in the regionals at Minneapolis. Later, Ed Gleason of TWA, his friendly neighborhood ticket agent, said reservations were already in for Loyola's passage to Kansas City. With that kind of confidence, Loyola people are naturally infected with the idea that the huge gold-and-maroon signs Ireland put up outside the gym—"1963 National Champions"—really *are* out of balance, because there obviously is space on the right for "1964." "George Ireland and his budget," chuckled one university man. "He's got it all figured out—he won't have to buy new signs this year. Just do a little touching up."

Ireland's signs brighten an otherwise dreary Loyola campus that is just a pinch larger than the lobby of the Palmer House and nestles on the frosty shore of Lake Michigan. The lake appears, along with a grassy slope and a lounging boy and girl, in pictures that basketball prospects see depicting the sweet life there. "The grassy slope," explains Assistant Coach Jerry Lyne, "is about as big as a bath mat." Ireland and his assistant do not always encourage visits. What they do is encourage exemplary fellows like All-America Jerry Harkness of last year's team to tell fond stories about swimming in the lake and playing in the chummy, 41-year-old, 3,000-seat gymnasium. Another recent selling point is Loyola's record-setting miler, Tom O'Hara, running 18 miles a day along the lakefront.

There is, nevertheless, a something about Loyola, a sort of Spartan atmosphere that grows on, or to, a boy like creeping hemlock. Guard Johnny Egan passed up 19 other offers to go there. Coach Ireland, a bright, popular man with great resourceful drive, was recently trumpeted for (but not officially offered) the job at Notre Dame. He was an All-America there in 1934 and 1935. But he said he "would not coach at Notre Dame if they gave me the buildings. I have no intention of leaving." He said it was because he makes too good a living as Loyola's athletic director and head coach, that he would not want to leave what has taken 12 years to build, and that sooner or later you have to agree there is no place like homely old Loyola.

George Ireland is called The Man at Loyola. He is known for his handsome, curly-haired Irish head and his curl-an-ear Irish temper, his efficiency at handling a limited ($42,000) budget and his no-fooling regard for property and protocol. The gym is his territory and woe unto the man caught smoking in the vestibule. He is a dynamo of a worker ("I am booked for 13 conventions this summer") and if he seems to fizz on the outside, inside he roils. The Ireland torso is striped like a hotcross bun. One scar, from belly to backbone, relieved him of kidney stones after the NCAA championship last year. The other, from his necktie to the floor, was for an ulcer "after a losing season" and left him with a stomach that is 80% gone. Fearless, he wolfs down wife Gert's powerful homemade sausage and keeps it down with half a loaf of Gonnella (It's Swella) Italian bread. Gonnella is operated by a former team manager and sponsors the broadcasts of his games.

Ireland does not believe in being buddy-buddy with his players. He rules with an iron larynx, and if he cannot find something to complain about he does not let it stop him. During half-time talks—one of his passions—he has been known to kick great bags of basketballs into the air and to splatter oranges. "As a rule of thumb," he says, "I start by *giving them hell*."

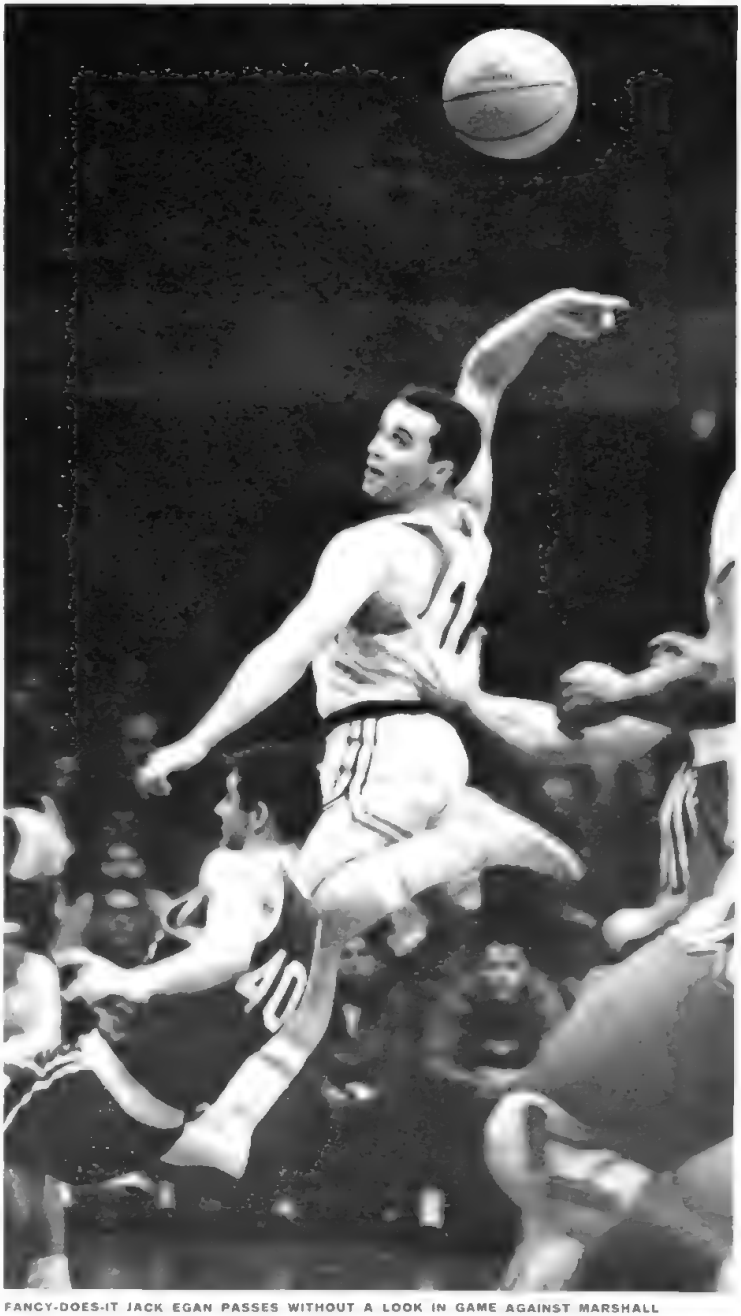
Ahead 61-20 at the half against Tennessee Tech in the NCAA tournament last year, Ireland was frantic. "What'll I say, Jerry, what'll I say?" he asked Lyne. "Well, coach," said Lyne, groping, "the second team made you look bad." Ireland frowned. "You darn right. *You darn right*. And they're going to hear about it, too." Lyne says it got so hot he hid behind a locker. Loyola won with ridiculous ease.

Ireland believes in run-and-shoot and recently completed a 28-minute film for the NCAA entitled *High Speed Basketball*. In it he reveals everything but the color of daughter Kathy's bedroom furniture, which happens to be red. (The pretty Kathy coaches Loyola's cheerleaders and dates opposing players; son Mike keeps score.) "All our secrets are out," lamented Team Captain Jack Egan when he saw the film. "The Man doesn't know how to be anything but direct."

The Ramblers themselves, of course, are not much of a secret. They are four-fifths the same cast Ireland took to Louisville last year: Egan, Forwards Vic Rouse and Co-captain Ron Miller and Center Les Hunter. If in their last five games they have appeared to be the equal of the 1963 team it is a justifiable comparison. They have finally adjusted to the idea that All-America Harkness really did graduate last June. Without Harkness, they are less punishing on offense, less penurious on defense. "But we had depended too much on him," says Ron Miller. Now they depend more on themselves and it is a good thing. It has become a team without a star and, with the possible exception of the 6-foot-7 Hunter, a team without a particularly good pro prospect. Ireland really doesn't care because he thinks college graduates can do better things than play pro ball.

Miller, a quiet man with superb hands and model deportment (he is alternately called Mitts and The Chaplain), is, at 6

(continued)



FANCY-DOES-IT JACK EGAN PASSES WITHOUT A LOOK IN GAME AGAINST MARSHALL

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feet 2, a splendid jumper and the best all-round player on the team. When an opponent puts a trailer on playmaker Egan, as Georgetown did effectively, Miller brings the ball downcourt. All four have increased their scoring over last year, Miller by eight points to a team-leading 22-point average.

Without Harkness, Ireland quit the full-court press in favor of a less debilitating half-court press. His bench is not strong, and the new fifth man, sophomore Jimmy Coleman, is still learning. He scores fewer than 10 a game, but he moves well, has improved steadily and has stood the close scrutiny of teammates who were reluctant to forgive him for not being Jerry Harkness.

The Ramblers are winning games by fewer points—19 on the average, compared with 24 last year—but the schedule has been tougher, and Rouse, who made the winning basket against Cincinnati in the NCAA final, missed three games with a separated shoulder. During his absence Loyola lost two games. Even with Rouse back, they lost two more on the road last month, so before the Houston game Co-captain Egan asked Ireland to leave the dressing room while the team talked it over. He is a tough little guy, Egan, the son of a South Side Chicago cop, but he is also a law student with a keen mind. He is the only white player on the starting team, but he is its leader. He is a boxy, 5-foot-10 180-pounder who hates to be called fat—because he's not—and who, for less than that, has been known to tell a 6-foot-10 opponent that, "I'm going to stuff you right through that basket if you don't behave."

"We've got a great team here," Egan told the squad in privacy. "But nobody is going to find out unless we start playing like one and being a little unselfish out there. And you know who this is telling you that: the most unselfish guy of all." The team laughed, but got the message. Loyola beat Houston 98-68, and Ireland called it their best game of the year.

The following Saturday the most unselfish guy scored 23 points as the Ramblers beat Marquette 99-81. "Little Coach," Egan told Lyne, who sometimes answers to that, "tell The Man I'm the hottest thing in basketball. Tell him he better build his offense around me. Tell him there's no reason we can't go all the way." END

Getting a line —without cheating

One of the most important elements of an effective golf swing is getting the correct alignment. If you are aimed properly you can usually hit the ball fairly straight, even when your swing is mediocre. If you do not get lined up properly the greatest swing in the world will be no good to you, because you will not even be able to guess where the ball will go the next time you hit it.

Getting the right alignment is easy enough on the practice tee. You place a club on the ground, aim it at your target and adjust your stance to the line indicated by the club on the ground. In competition, however, this would be a violation of the golf rule that states no mark shall be placed on the line of play (Rule 9-2), so correcting a faulty alignment can become a problem. What I sometimes do is stand behind the ball and look over it at the target I am trying to hit, be it the green or a spot in the fairway. Then, still standing behind the ball, I square the face of the club to the target. Next, holding the club steady in that position, I walk around it until I am in the proper address position. I can now adjust my stance according to the position of the club face and be confident that I am aiming at the target.

Many golfers are unaware of the effect alignment can have on their game. The next time you find yourself hitting the ball first to the left and then to the right without any apparent reason, check your alignment before you try to adjust any more complicated phase of your game.

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ON THE PRACTICE TEE

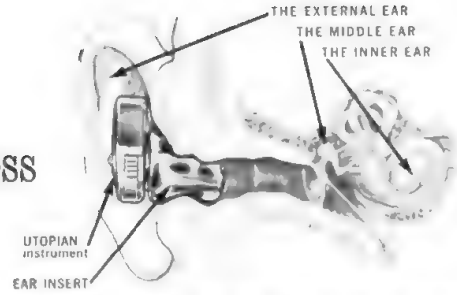
Aiming at a target is easy if you can lay the club on the ground, line your feet up with its shaft and have the ball at right angles to this pointer.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

ON THE COURSE

In actual play—since a club cannot be put on the line—you set the club face square to the target, then take your stance without moving the club face.

Does
HEARING LOSS
rob you of
Togetherness
with Family
and
Friends?



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CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT

continued from page 27

them down, "Who's the greatest?" he asked the children, and they shouted his name. "Who upset the world?" and they shouted his name. "I am the champion," he told them, "and that means all of us are champions. I showed you now what we can do. We can do anything." On the fringe of the crowd stood Malcolm X with his 35 mm. Japanese camera. He has known Clay for four years, Cassius says, although up to now he has not been seen much in Clay's company. "Who are you taking pictures for?" another photographer asked him. "You'd drop your teeth if I told you," Malcolm said, smiling, and advanced his film to the next frame.

Now a crowd had begun to collect in the living room of the house. Clay's mother and father were there, as was Henry Sadlo, a lawyer from Louisville who represents the interests of Mr. and Mrs. Clay. Mr. Clay started twisting with a model from Chicago. She was one of eight who had shown up at the fight courtesy of Major League Enterprises, also of Chicago. Walter Turner, promotional director of Major League Enterprises, said his firm planned to gold-plate Clay's gloves, shoes and trunks. "Then we'll mount them on a big walnut slab around an oval picture of Cassius," Turner said. "It will probably be the world's greatest masterpiece of its kind, and we're going to give it to Mrs. Clay." "They ought to gold-plate these, too," said one of the models. She held up a pair of black-rubber knee protectors Cassius had taken to the fight. Had he lost, he intended to strap them on and crawl across the ring to kiss Sonny Liston's feet.

Clay came in, looked around and went back out to the children. "There are so many responsibilities to being the champion," said Cassius. "I can feel the pressure already. And there are so many people around." He sat back down on the porch. "Who's the greatest?" he shouted again to the children, as much for them as for himself. "Cassius Clay," they answered. The party inside did not break up until Clay had suggested everybody get on his bus and take a ride downtown.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the next morning, Cassius had breakfast with Malcolm X at the Hampton House Motel. They discussed what Elijah Muhammad, the No. 1 Black Muslim, had said about Clay at a meeting in Chicago the night before (Allah and he had helped Clay

continued

7up the man's mixer

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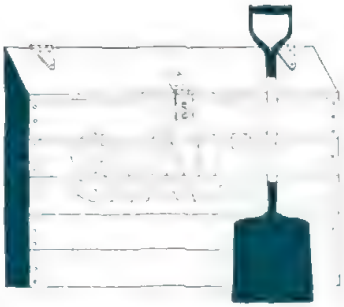
Automotive engineers are beating the rust problem with winterized steels in your new car

Winter driving, with all its slush and road salt, is rough on cars. But automobile designers are finding ways to beat the problem. They're using special zinc-coated steels for those vulnerable body parts where rust once started its damage. These "winterized" steels provide better corrosion resistance than previous body steels, so your new car will stay in good shape years longer. There's never been a better year to put your money in a new car. The '64's have better styling, improved engineering, and something more...they're longer lasting because designers are *building in* durability, dependability, and strength with new and improved steels.

United States Steel



Special steels from U. S. Steel fight corrosion damage from snow-melting chemicals

Galvanized steel has been around for a long time—in fact the first sheet was made in 1884 by a company that later became part of U. S. Steel. But there was a problem in using this corrosion-resistant steel for painted body parts, because the spangles in the zinc coating showed through the paint.

U. S. Steel solved this problem by developing a special finishing process which eliminates the spangles. These specially finished galvanized sheets can be used side by side with regular body sheets, and when they are painted, you can't tell the difference, yet your car has additional protection against corrosion in those parts where rust used to strike first.

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United States Steel USS

win). "Clay is the finest Negro athlete I have ever known," Malcolm X said, "the man who will mean more to his people than any athlete before him. He's more than Jackie Robinson was, because Robinson is the white man's hero. But Cassius is the black man's hero. Do you know why? Because the white press wanted him to lose. They wanted him to lose because he is a Muslim. You notice nobody cares about the religion of other athletes. But their prejudice against Clay blinded them to his ability."

Now that Cassius had been mentioned publicly by Muhammad, the day ahead of him became one long interview (not one question was put to him that day about the fight). Some of the things he said he has been saying in watered-down form for several years, but this was the first time he was willing to identify himself with the Black Muslims. Although, as he said, "I am not a Black Muslim, because that is a word made up by the white press. I am a black man who has adopted Islam. I want peace, and I do not find peace in an integrated world. I love to be black, and I love to be with my people. I am a very intelligent boxer, you know, and people don't ask me about my muscles the way they would ask Liston or Patterson. They ask me about Zanzibar and Panama and Cuba, and I tell them what I think."

Cassius told the reporters who came by his house or called him on the phone that Allah was in the ring with him against Sonny Liston because he prayed five times a day (he prayed in his dressing-room shower before the fight). He said his people had a history stretching back 80,000 years whereas the English language was only 500 years old. "Why do I want to live in the white man's way?" he said. "Why do I want to get bit by dogs, washed down a sewer by fire hoses? Why does everybody attack me for being righteous? Why don't people leave me alone?"

Cassius, however, drew the line at admitting to certain ideas commonly associated with the Muslim movement—possibly because he has been taught a sugar-coated version of the socio-religious philosophy. He said there was no hate in his heart for the white man, "because I would be nowhere today without the white man's money." He said, furthermore, he knew nothing of the Muslims' concept of black supremacy. "Why do I have to feel superior to you? All I want to do is to live my own life among my own people."

Would any of this affect his future as a fighter, Clay was asked. "Why should it?" he said. "I've believed this way for four years, and it didn't have anything to do with my fighting. But I'll tell you this: if I had to give up my fighting or my religion, I already know what I would do. I would give up boxing and never look back." END

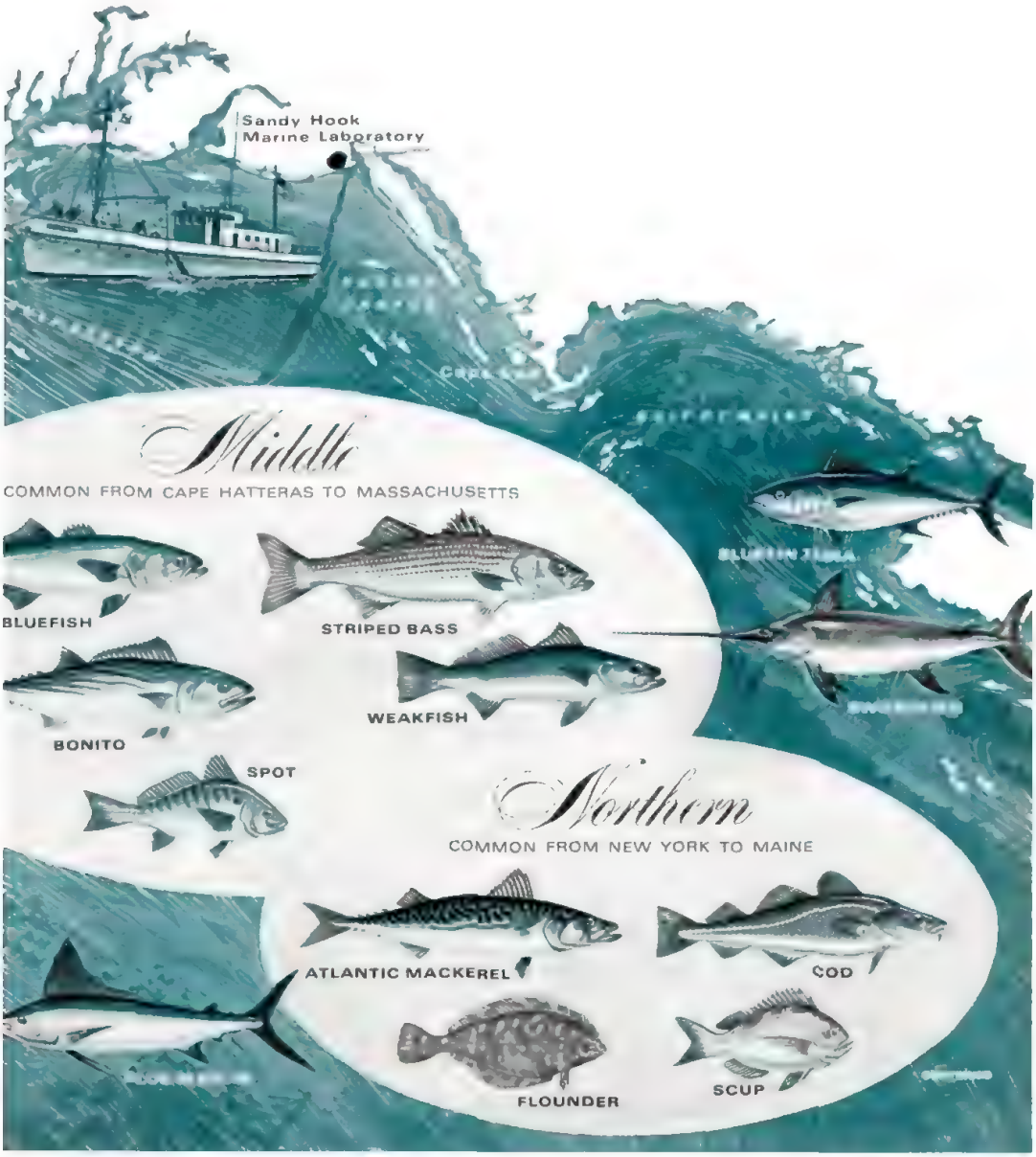
Clay, who has genuine love for children, lifts neighbor's girl, saying, "Look at my sweetheart!"

On a meager budget, biologists at

A NEW

Sandy Hook, N.J. have made some fascinating discoveries off a familiar shore by ROBERT H. BOYLE

LOOK INTO THE SEA



The sea—compelling, wild and mysterious—is our last frontier. Man is of the sea. The salt-washed blood in his veins and the lime in his bones bespeak his oceanic heritage. And the sea is ever beckoning him, promising rebirth, a freedom from the cares of terrestial life.

No one seeks this freedom more than the angler. Casting into white-tipped surf or dropping a line from a rolling party boat, the angler is at peace with himself. Each year the sea becomes more attractive to American fishermen. The statistics are overwhelmingly impressive. In 1946 an estimated three million Americans fished in the sea for sport. Today, there are more than seven million saltwater anglers. They catch upward of 1.5 billion pounds of food fish annually, as much as commercial fishermen take, and they spend $700 million a year on bait, equipment, accommodations and charter boats, to the enrichment of countless communities on the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts. In Florida alone, saltwater angling has an economic value equal to that of the citrus and cattle industries combined.

Superficially, all would seem serene. Millions of Americans are catching millions of fish and spending millions of dollars in the process. But beneath this surface serenity there are problems, critical problems, which endanger the sport. For one, no one knows very much about the sea. Biologists, for instance, do not know the complete life history of a single marine game fish. No one really has any idea at all as to what effect heavy angling will have on species of fish that have not been hitherto sought. Contrary to myth, the sea does not possess inexhaustible resources of fish. The Pacific sardine, which once constituted the largest of all American fisheries, producing more than half a million tons annually, has virtually vanished from the California coast as a result of overfishing. In Oregon, Washington and Alaska the Chinook salmon is being threatened by industrial construction in its spawning rivers. On the Atlantic coast the weakfish, which was the most popular game fish off Long Island until the '50s, is all but gone from that area, and the same is true of the yellowtail flounder, which used to abound off southern New England.

For the most part, marine biological research has gone largely unsupported. A stock joke among marine biologists has it that they have had to specialize in bays and inlets because they only have enough money to go in water up to the knees. Sporadically there is a whoop and a holler when a species begins to vanish and a crash program is suddenly started to study the disappearance. But inasmuch as the scientists sent out on the chase have no previous data or studies to go on, their efforts are often fruitless. Even so, they are then expected to make recommendations to guard against future calamity. Generally, marine fishery laws and regulations are a cruel hoax. The states have jurisdiction over fish in their waters, even though the fish may be only the briefest of visitors—and the protective laws vary considerably from state to state.

In addition to all this confusion, there are the problems brought about by burgeoning humanity. For along with the great increase in angling there has been a great increase in population along the coasts, particularly on the Atlantic seaboard, where a megalopolis, or supercity, is forming between Boston and Washington. Atlantic coastal waters, especially those skirting the larger cities, are menaced by swelling pollution.

In an attempt to establish some kind of control and to improve fishing, several conservation groups began agitating in the early '50s for Congress to start a national marine game-fish research program. Eventually, backing came from the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, a part of the Department of the Interior, and in 1960 Congress finally agreed. Dr. Lionel A. Walford, formerly chief of the Branch of Fishery Biology in the Fish & Wildlife Service, was appointed director and took over an old three-story brick Army hospital at Fort Hancock on Sandy Hook, N.J. as a laboratory.

By any standard, Walford, who is in his mid-50s, is a remarkable man. A renowned biologist, he has all the precision of a scientist and all the passion of a poet. A brooding six-footer with deep brown eyes, he toyed as a youngster in San Francisco with the idea of becoming an actor, and the most raging arguments of his youth were with his father on how Hamlet should be played. One of his books, *Living Resources of the Sea*, published in 1958 under the sponsorship of the Conservation Foundation, is a classic of modern biology. It is perhaps the best exposition in print of the problems of the oceanic wilderness, and it is striking not so much for what the author discloses about life in the sea as for his revelation of how much is unknown.

When Congress authorized the laboratory, it stipulated that the annual budget was not to exceed $2.7 million a year, but the most that Sandy Hook has ever received has been a relatively meager $167,000. Even so, Walford has managed to assemble a first-rate staff of eight young biologists and technicians (the average age is only 28), and by dint of skimping here and saving there the laboratory has been able to turn out some excellent work. The staff lacked a research boat the first year, but Walford subsequently was able to get his hands on an Air Force boat, which he christened *Challenger*, after the pioneering British research vessel of the 1870s, and converted into a rough-and-ready seagoing laboratory.

One of the first projects that Walford assigned was a survey of saltwater angling, to be conducted by John Clark, the assistant director. Clark started the survey early enough so that 1960 census takers could take a representative sample of the population, and by the time he had finished adding up the results and checking them with other federal and state agencies and private citizens interested in fishing he had amassed a number of pertinent and revealing statistics.

Briefly, the survey disclosed that there were then 6.2 million saltwater anglers in the country and their ranks were increasing at the rate of 400,000 a year. (Walford figures that there will be 15 million anglers by 1980, and 30 million by the year 2000.) More than half the angling was done along the Atlantic coast, from Maine to the Florida Keys. The majority of anglers fished close to shore rather than at sea, and they took anything that bit. All told, they took 200 to 300 species of fish. The biggest bag, on the Atlantic coast anyway, was flounders, of which anglers had a total catch of 53 million pounds. Bluefish were second with 50.6 million pounds, jacks third with 41.2, red drum fourth with 38.6, striped bass fifth with 37.5, porgies (scup) sixth with 36.6, sharks seventh with 36.2, groupers eighth with 34.3, cod ninth with 30.9 and black drum 10th with 30. Significantly, anglers caught far more of some species than did commercial fishermen. They caught, for example, all the jacks, 99.5% of the red drum, 94.9% of the bluefish and 81.3% of the striped bass.

Last year Walford began studying the distribution of 14 species of fish on the continental shelf ranging from Maine to Texas. He expects to complete his study by June of 1965, and when it is finished he will have surveyed the 5,000-mile-long coast county by county. The Pacific coast is also being studied at the marine game-fish laboratory in Tiburon, Calif. The Tiburon lab, which has a smaller staff than that at Sandy Hook, was set up in 1962 by Walford and is now under the direction of Gerald Talbot.

The Atlantic continental shelf extends seaward for 40 miles, and it comprises one of the most productive fishing grounds in the world. But, as Walford discovered when he plotted records of commercial catches on a graph, productivity was consistently high in some areas and low in others. Fishing was most productive in the area between Cape Cod and southern New Jersey, picked up again off Virginia and northern North Carolina, then slumped until Florida. Part of Walford's work is attempting to learn the specific differences between productive and nonproductive waters in terms of the environment. Generally speaking, fish gather where currents alter or where the continental-shelf floor is irregular. "To use the jargon of biologists," Walford says, "fish tend to congregate around discontinuities." Off the Jersey coast, for example, where marine life is prolific, the bottom is full of ridges and hills and deep canyons. By contrast, the floor off Georgia and South Carolina, where catches are low, is relatively smooth and shallow.

A key to the productivity of the Atlantic shelf, Walford believes, is the richness of the estuarine zone, the name given to the expanse of water between the upper reaches of the tide and the open sea. This innermost edge of the sea has long fascinated Walford, who eventually plans to do a book about it. Indeed, until *Living Resources of the Sea* appeared, the subject had scarcely been touched on, and then unsatisfactorily.

According to Walford, the Atlantic estuarine zone is especially rich because of a unique combination of favorable factors. "It is capacious, extending in a broad band almost uninterrupted for over 2,000 miles," he noted in a paper he read to the Association of American Geographers last September. "The tidal marshes in New Jersey alone, for example, comprise some 185,000 acres. Climatically it is particularly well located so that it can include boreal, transitional and tropical fauna. Migratory temperate forms that are more or less estuarine-dependent can range far along the coast, shifting northward, southward, inshore, off-shore, according to changes in temperature and food supply. Thus, for example, menhaden, bluefish, black drum, red drum, spot, croaker, mullet and blue crab occur from the Gulf of Maine to Texas.

"The extraordinary fertility of the coastal salt marshes is probably the key to the biological value of the estuary. The Sapelo marshes of Georgia, for example, produce nearly seven times as much organic matter per unit area as the

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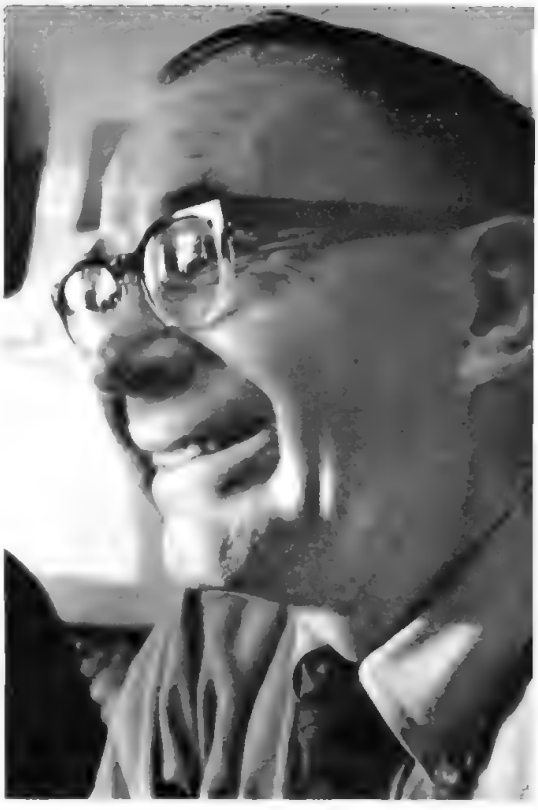

Biologist Lionel A. Walford heads at Sandy Hook Laboratory

water of the continental shelf, 20 times as much as that of the deep sea, six times as much as average wheat-producing farmland. It is no wonder that the creeks meandering through the marshes are superlatively rich pasture for young herbivorous fishes. Not only are they rich but safe, as safe as can be in a natural aquatic habitat; for the shallows generally bar the entry of larger carnivores that frequent the deeper waters of the estuary and the shelf beyond.

"The fertility of the estuarine zone is reflected in its large population of wildlife—songbirds, shore birds, waterfowl and mammals. During the period 1950–1960, for example, the number of ducks, geese, coots and swans wintering in the salt marshes from New York to North Carolina averaged 2.1 million birds a year. Here again, it is the long unbroken distances covered by the Atlantic estuarine zone that give it unique value. True, concentrations of aquatic bird life occur in the salt marshes of other coasts, but these are generally localized about the mouths of rivers.

"Thus it would seem that we ought to appreciate the Atlantic tidewater marshland as one of our country's natural treasures, comparable in the distinction of its biological features, say, to the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. But it has not been appreciated. As far back as the 18th century, farmers began 'reclaiming' the marsh for agriculture. If we may judge by what has happened, people have generally regarded it as wasteland to be developed as real estate for housing projects, industrial centers, amusement parks and other profitable purposes. If no profit is to be made of the marshes, they make convenient dumping grounds for the refuse of cities. At the very least they must be drained to eliminate their populations of mosquitoes.

"The effects of all these intrusions on estuarine life are subtle and hard to measure. They accumulate insidiously, and any changes that occur go unnoticed. Today the area known as the Hackensack Meadows is an eyesore haunting the edges of megalopolis. Only a few people are left alive who can remember when it was lush and beautiful. During the five-year period ending with 1959, the marshes of New Jersey were reduced by 4.8%, those of New York by 11%."

John Clark, the energetic assistant director at Sandy Hook, is engaged in a number of projects. Once a month he buzzes aloft in a Coast Guard plane for a swing over the ocean, covering a 1,100-mile area to read surface temperatures with an infra-red device. Upon landing he correlates his temperature findings with reports of fish migrations. This may seem elementary, but the fact is no one has ever done it before.

Clark is equally at home under the water. An accomplished skin diver, he is founder and president of the American Littoral Society, a sort of underwater Audubon group with compressed air tanks, and as such he has been able to summon all sorts of flippered volunteers to the cause of survey. When the Navy proposed to let gypsy salvagers raise the cruiser *San Diego*, torpedoed off Fire Island by a German submarine in 1917, Clark was among the leaders of an opposition group that convinced the Navy to cancel the contract. Nowadays he and the rest of the members keep track of the hundreds of wrecks that attract fish on the Atlantic coast. An order from Clark is all the members need to spring to battle stations. When Dr. Jan Prager, the microbiologist at Sandy Hook, needed samples of marine mud from the continental shelf, Clark had but to give the word and suddenly 100 members were happily groveling in the depths.

In terms of marine life, Prager is doing the most fundamental of all research at Sandy Hook. He is studying phytoplankton, the minute plants of the sea, on which all forms of animal life eventually depend for sustenance. This is an extraordinary field in which to work. The laboratory techniques are very demanding, requiring, for instance, that glassware be washed in 200° water, then rinsed several times in distilled water and finally baked at 800° for half an hour.

The cost of equipment is high, and Prager has been forced either to do without or, with the help of his assistant, John Mahoney, to devise makeshift equipment of his own. These improvisations would do justice to Dr. Seuss and are labeled as having been manufactured by the Scheckelpincher Company. "There are perhaps a dozen people in the world doing the work I'm doing," Prager says, with a smile. "All of them are in the West. This is one field in which we're ahead of the Russians."

Prager's main interest is the biochemistry of seawater. "Seawater is different up and down the coast," he says. "Actually, when you use seawater in the singular it's a sin. The seawater in Chesapeake Bay is different from that in Raritan Bay, and that's different from Cape Cod. Even offshore there are areas that are biochemically different. And it is these biochemical differences which account for the differing abundance and distribution of phytoplankton, the so-called grass of the sea. Recently in Long Island Sound at Larchmont I picked up an interesting phytoplankton bloom in a yacht harbor. The little inlet was full of them, yet the water in the next inlet, 50 yards away, was as clear as crystal."

In addition to biochemical differences, seasonal changes cause variations in plankton on the continental shelf. "Off the New Jersey coast," Prager says, "diatoms, a group of algae, one-celled plants, start to bloom, proliferate to the point where the water is turbid, in January. Spring turns up earlier in the ocean than it does on land. While we're snowed in, it's spring out there. Why? No one knows the whole story. Anyway, the diatoms are followed by flagellates, one-celled plants that can swim. During the late spring and summer these float in abundance in the water, and animal plankton, zooplankton, predominantly composed of minute crustaceans along with invertebrate larvae and small fish larvae, graze on them." Fish such as menhaden and herring eat the zooplankton, and, in turn, larger predators, such as bluefish and striped bass, eat the menhaden and herring. "In the late fall," Prager says, "the production

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of phytoplankton largely stops and does not resume again until January.

"To some extent, these plants are regulated by temperature and salinity. They start here at a different time than they do, say, at Georges Bank off Cape Cod. But these plants do require certain organic materials such as thiamine, B_{12}, folic acid and amino acids. We don't know everything about the nutritional requirements of phytoplankton, but we do know that different seawaters have different potentials for growing them. And what we're trying to pin down is the biochemistry behind these potentials to grow plants. Converse to this, once we have learned the nutritional requirements of a pure culture of a single species of phytoplankton, we can use this as a marine white mouse, to measure the amount of a given nutrient that it requires in seawater. Ultimately we hope we will be able to predict toxic red tides and enhance the productivity of nonproductive water by seeding it with microorganisms which will act to enrich the water for other crops. Our own Atlantic coast is the richest phytoplankton area in the world, and the richest single point is probably Georges Bank. It's extremely rich, so rich it's murky. That's why skin divers hate it—they can't see their hands in front of their faces. But the fact is we don't know now the subtle things that make the difference between a rich body of water and a poor one. Maybe all the richness comes from a sheep pasture up in the watershed, and sheep manure is responsible for all of it. Who knows? But we'll find out, or our grandchildren will."

Prager's next-door neighbor at the laboratory, Dr. Ronald Eisler, has been working on pollutants. In a recent experiment, he checked on the toxicity of soaps and detergents to marine life. Contrary to the advertising slogan, Duz doesn't do everything, at least when it comes to killing fish. Duz and other soaps, Eisler learned, "are relatively harmless to fish for the simple reason that soaps can be broken down by bacteria." On the other hand, synthetic detergents are most harmful. "One pound of detergent in 23,000 gallons of seawater will wipe out half the fish life in four days," says Eisler, "and it will stay toxic for three months." Detergents have a molecular base that cannot be broken down by bacteria.

In an attempt to overcome the pollutants of the present as well as those of the future, Eisler is trying to raise a hardy, disease-resistant race of fluke. While doing graduate work at the University of Washington, Eisler studied under Dr. Lauren Donaldson, who has used selective breeding to raise 3-year-old rainbows that weigh 14 pounds. Eisler is trying to duplicate this feat with fluke. To stimulate growth and accelerate sexual development, he has been giving his fluke injections of thyroid hormones and a sex hormone known as HCG. "Eventually," he says, "we hope to wind up with a race of superfish. As of now, we expect the program to be successful within 30 to 50 years, and I expect to be around then. Given adequate equipment, I think that I could complete it in 20 years. With the estuaries going from pollution and landfill, we have to be prepared." One of the flounders that Eisler originally caught for aquarium experiment was an albino, and he wrote a paper for a scientific journal describing the rarity. The name of the white flounder was Moby Irving.

One of the major programs at Sandy Hook is a study of the life cycle of the bluefish. Eisler and a number of the other biologists are working on various phases of this. "The reason we're studying the bluefish and not some other gamefish," says John Clark, the assistant director, who is in charge of fish tagging, "is that it's the model fish. Everything we learn about the bluefish will be of help. The bluefish is a popular game fish, economically important, caught in abundance, has coastal and worldwide distribution and lives its life in densely fished areas. We're also very much interested in the interaction of the environment and fish, and the bluefish responds beautifully to temperatures. A lot of fish react in subtle ways, and because the ways are subtle and the interaction so complex we don't know what's going on. But bluefish respond beautifully to changes in the environment."

Eisler is trying to distinguish differences between populations of bluefish by analyses of blood. The blood chemistry of marine fishes is a virgin field, but after a year's research Eisler has strong evidence that New Jersey blues can be distinguished from North Carolina blues on the basis of four different blood components. Since the Sandy Hook lab simply lacks the funds to maintain stations elsewhere along the coast, Eisler had to drive down to North Carolina last summer to collect bluefish. He had only two days to do the job, and he had to hire a 550-a-day charter boat to catch the blues himself with hook and line. He needed at least 20 fresh from the sea, but on the first day out the blues were not biting, and he caught only seven. On the second and last day, however, they struck with ferocity, and Eisler and a friend caught 60 in 40 minutes. To help Clark with the tagging program, Eisler tagged the blues he did not need, packed the rest in an ice chest in the back of his car and roared back to Sandy Hook, where he and his assistant, Dave Deuel, ran blood analyses. But what tickles Eisler most about the trip is that one of the 27 blues he tagged was caught by an angler who returned the tag to Clark.

Herbert Anderson, a summertime biologist at Sandy Hook who is studying for his doctorate at the University of Miami, is noting the species composition of parasites occurring in blues as a way of telling differences between populations, and Walford himself is working on anatomical variations. "We do find differences," he says. "They are exasperatingly slight, but they are consistent." As of now, the thinking is that there are two main populations of bluefish, one dubbed Population A, the other B. Population A winters off southern Florida in January and February. Population B apparently winters farther south but shows up off Palm Beach in April. Population A moves north to Cape Hatteras in May, peaks

continued

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by
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in August off Long Island and New Jersey and retreats to Hatteras in October before returning to Florida. Population B simply moves up to North Carolina in July and stays there until fall. "They may be in the process of becoming two different species," Walford says. "We may be seeing evolution actually under way, in a very slow process, of course."

Although temperatures are seemingly responsible for the two blue populations, Walford doubts that temperatures trigger their separate migrations. "It is something within themselves, a biological clock perhaps, that impels them to move," he says. "We think that the most likely external factor that could influence them would be the sun. That is the theory anyway."

To test this theory, Walford has hired a fish behaviorist, Bori Ola, to study blues and other fish in a tank that will be built in the basement this year. Blues are extraordinarily difficult to raise in captivity—Eisler failed in his aquarium—and plans call for the tank to be 35 feet long, 15 feet wide and nine feet deep. Large windows will enable Ola to observe the blues at fish-eye level. Artificial light will take the place of the sun. Among other things, Ola will study the blues' ability to see, smell and hear. It is believed that blues feed by sight, but the sense of smell in some fishes is extremely acute.

Bluefish have been observed underwater at sea by Robert Wicklund, a lab assistant whose father is the skipper of the *Challenger*. Wicklund is Sandy Hook's resident scuba diver. To attract blues on his 60-foot dives, Wicklund takes along a coffee can of ground-up menhaden. As far as Wicklund has been able to discover, blues seem to prefer turbid water. "One time," he recalls, "we went down to 40 feet and drifted through clear water. There was nothing, but as soon as we hit murky water there were bluefish." During a night dive Wicklund saw a school of 40 to 50 small blues apparently sleeping. The fish were dormant and in a vertical position with head up and tail down. When startled, they righted themselves and swam off hurriedly. Wicklund also noticed that when bluefish fed on chum, they invariably circled in a clockwise manner before coming in to strike. "They don't seem to feed unless they're in this clockwise circle," he says.

Chumming attracted other fish. "We attracted quite a few fluke and sea bass," Wicklund says. "The fluke, large ones, came in by the droves, and they weren't frightened by our presence. This is unusual. Ordinarily they're so wary of divers that they won't let them get close. We also attracted cunner, a trash fish. They were very aggressive and fed out of the hand. The sea bass stayed outside the other fish; then when the crowd broke up slightly they came in. But when the fluke came in, everything left. Everything gave them a wide berth."

Wicklund's descents are made with another diver in a cage because of the danger of shark attack. Once he and a companion, a college student who was working at Sandy Hook for the summer, were diving at night when the lights on the cage began to explode. "Using lights underwater was a new experience for us," Wicklund recalls, "and we decided to clear out fast. We thought we might be electrocuted. But the diver with me came right back in again and slammed his end shut. It seems that just as he started to leave, a hammerhead came out of nowhere and brushed against him. Before that happened again, he decided that he'd take his chances inside again. And so did I."

In the last couple of years, sharks, especially makos, have become a sought-after game fish off Long Island and the Jersey coast. For the angler who is unable to afford the marlin fishing off Bimini or Panama, a 500-pound mako makes a very fine substitute indeed. Since 1961 John Casey has been in charge of shark research at Sandy Hook. Like his fellow scientists at the lab, Casey more or less drifted into marine biology. Studying upland game at the University of New Hampshire, he happened to become interested in the sea when he took a summer course at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

"When the laboratory started in 1961, we had a mild interest in sharks, mainly

from the point of view of curiosity," Casey says. "We had no set programs, but from time to time we would examine catches that sportsmen brought in. Then the Smith Research and Development Corporation got in touch with Dr. Walford. Smith Research is associated with J. Howard Smith, Inc., a commercial menhaden company located in Lewes, Del. and Port Monmouth, N.J. There was a strong feeling among residents of coastal areas, particularly here in Jersey, that the menhaden boats were bringing sharks in close to shore and that the sharks were a danger to swimmers. Smith Research asked us if this were true, and our answer was that no one knows. Smith Research then suggested that the laboratory conduct a survey of sharks in this area and use their research vessel. There were no strings attached. We didn't have our boat, *Challenger*, at the time, and it looked like a fine opportunity to find out something about sharks. The main thing with Smith Research was that they wanted people to know that they were concerned.

"In August of 1961 we decided that the most practical thing we could do with the 85-foot trawler that Smith Research put at our disposal was to hold a general survey of sharks in the middle Atlantic bight, the area of coast that sweeps in from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras. Out of that we picked an area for study, from Jones Inlet on Long Island to Cape Henlopen, Del. What we were after was species composition, abundance, seasonal occurrence, distribution, sizes, food and reproductive habits. Then we wanted to relate these life-history factors to the physical and biological factors in the environment—the temperatures, depth, currents, salinity, wind direction. These were the broad objectives of the program. Since then we've carried on with it and expanded certain parts.

"The area we chose for study pretty much straddled the Jersey coast. The shore line was divided into eight areas, called transects, and the boundary line of each transect extended 40 miles to sea. For the hydrographic part of the survey we took surface-to-bottom temperatures, salinity samples, threw over drift bottles to study surface currents and threw over bottom drifters. This was done every five miles along the boundary line of each transect. The actual survey of sharks was done by long-line fishing, and we did enough fishing so that we feel we have a representative picture of the distribution of sharks in the overall area. We got white sharks—the most dangerous in this area—tiger sharks, duskies, threshers, makos, two species of hammerhead, dogfish, sandbar sharks [brown sharks] and sand sharks. Of the larger sharks, the sandbar and the dusky are the most common, and the tiger, the white and the hammerhead are not unusual. We studied their food habits, and 37 different food items, including shellfish, pelagic and bottom-dwelling fishes and garbage and offal, were found in their stomachs. For instance, we found a whole side of bacon, packages of sausage, cellophane and aluminum foil. We also found the remains of fish that had been cleaned aboard boats and then thrown overboard, though I'm sort of leery of saying this because it sounds like sportsmen are throwing over foods that attract sharks. Sharks are opportunistic feeders that take garbage and offal from boats, but they are not in any way dependent on this. Most of their food comes from nature, primarily bottom fishes—hakes, sea robins, goosefish. These are not too important from the sport-fishing standpoint. However, some of the more important and faster sharks, the makos and whites, feed on bluefish, menhaden, squid and those fishes associated with midwater or surface zones. Thus sharks are likely to be concentrated wherever natural foods are. It wasn't the Smith boats that were attracting sharks; it was the schools of menhaden.

"In 1962 we didn't have the Smith boat, and we didn't acquire our boat, *Challenger*, until the end of August. So we investigated the inshore areas in Delaware Bay and Sandy Hook as possible pupping and nursery grounds for the sandbar shark. We found that Delaware Bay was important and that Sandy Hook Bay was not. The sandbar shark moves in to Delaware Bay in late spring and drops the pups. The pups remain there all summer and then move out in the fall. When we got *Challenger* we

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continued this shark survey in a smaller, 200-square-mile area near Sandy Hook from western Long Island to northern New Jersey. We fished in areas where we caught sharks in 1961 to measure changes in abundance. In 1961 we caught 138 in this study area. In 1962 we caught 66, and in 1963 we caught only 6. The number of sharks we took out of this area may account for some of the decrease. Then, too, the average surface temperatures were cooler in 1962 and 1963. The number of menhaden and bluefish was also lower, perhaps as a result of these cooler water temperatures. Up until 1963 we hadn't been able to sample the study area for the entire season. We began fishing in May, and we didn't catch any sharks until mid-June. Our data from 1961 and 1962 showed that sharks departed from this area in late September or early October. The greatest number of large sharks are present from mid-August to mid-September. Their arrival and departure seem to be associated with surface temperatures.

"Last June we began a tagging program and registered 50 sportsmen in a preliminary study. This was very successful. The sportsmen went from Montauk Point to Chesapeake Bay, and they tagged 260 sharks. So far three of those sharks have been caught and the tags returned. The longest any tagged shark was out was 15 days, and it was caught 25 miles away from Montauk, where it had been tagged. The others were caught in the same area in even less time."

But as interesting as the research on sharks or bluefish or phytoplankton is for the scientists, the quest has barely begun. The gaps in knowledge are enormous, and appropriations slim. Dr. Walford sometimes likes to dream of what he would do with more money. "What I would like to have," he says, "is a large enough staff so that I could assign teams to work on a number of species simultaneously. As it is now, there are too few of us attempting to do too much. But I feel it is all right for us to 'do too much.' We have a vision of what needs to be done. And what needs to be done is to accumulate facts, all sorts of facts, about fishes and their environment for intelligent conservation action." END

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Cricket Made Easy, or at Least Possible

Expert Gertrude Jacobs films what may be loosely called 'the action' at the Staten Island Cricket Club in New York, scene of much of the real cricket played in this country **by BARBARA HEILMAN**

Miss Gertrude Jacobs does not look like a demon on the rules of sport. An ample woman in her middle years, with brown hair going haphazardly gray, she looks like Aunt Alice back home. And talks a little like her, too, breathlessly, elliptically, blue eyes regarding you through blue-rimmed glasses. But Miss Jacobs *is* a demon on the rules of sport, a woman who goes to ball games and raptly follows the performance of the umpire, so it is no particular wonder that she should be the woman who has broken the cricket barrier. Gertrude Jacobs has subdued the game of cricket to a series of filmstrips from which anyone can come away with a grasp of essentials and with no need to blanch even if a conversation turns to the ghastly question of leg before wicket.

The Peace Corps put her up to it. The Corps reasoned that closer relations would be possible with the peoples of former British possessions if its members could at least look at a cricket match intelligently. But cricket is not Parcheesi, with the rules set down on the inside of the top of the box. The rules did not seem to be set down anywhere, in a form intelligible to Americans, and cricketers were relatively few.

Miss Jacobs has an office at International House, which is a residence, a club, a social and study base for foreign students in the U.S. doing graduate work, and there the Peace Corps found her. She runs the Audio-Visual Workshop, taping languages and accumulating a picture and film library. But apart from this work at International House, she operates, singlehanded, a thing called the School Film Service, and one of the School Film Service's services is the making of filmstrips on game rules.

Her strips on baseball have been turned from film into books, have been translated into Japanese and will soon be put into Spanish. She has done basketball, softball, hockey, badminton, field hockey and Little League rules. "In cricket, I found I had no place to begin because I had no vocabulary," Miss Jacobs said. "I would read, 'If you have an Aunt Sally on your team . . .' and I'd stop and think, now what in the world does Aunt Sally mean? A player who can't do anything, I found out, and a skier—pronounced sky-er—is a fly ball. Of course, that makes sense. Well, it all makes sense, after you know.

"New York is virtually a cricketless town," Miss Jacobs said sadly. "I thought if anybody would know about it Abercrombie & Fitch would, so I went down there and at least got to see what a bat looked like, and they gave me a little bitty rule book. But I finally had to get the bulk of my books from England. I had seen the name of Sir Donald Bradman used with such great respect for his playing ability that I figured if he was such a good player he must have written something. So I went and looked him up in the card index and there was a book. I tried the British and Australian consulates and the English-Speaking Union. They all knew about the book, but nobody had it, and I had to

continued

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send to England. Nobody has ever read that book more carefully than I did. I cannot praise it too highly for anybody who's interested in cricket. There's never been another cricket player like him," Miss Jacobs said reverently. "Perhaps there won't be for a good long time. Now he is a broker, and I think he lives in Adelaide, Australia. No, I haven't written to him—I haven't had nerve enough to write to him."

But Miss Jacobs had resources other than Sir Donald and Abercrombie & Fitch. Her office, after all, was strategically located in a houseful of young Indians, West Indians, Scots, Australians—and she drafted them as technical experts. "They were skeptical at first," Miss Jacobs observed. "They thought it was just impossible for a beginner. One of the Indian boys, when I told him I was interested in cricket, said 'You!' as if it were the most hopeless thing in the world."

Miss Jacobs would descend upon the students at breakfast. "I'd just automatically move the salt and pepper into position for a match and say now, here's the pitch and here's the wicket. I'd usually get about an hour of cricket a morning. I could absorb just about enough a day for a new set of questions the next day. I deliberately didn't see any games at first. When I did see one, out on Staten Island, I didn't realize it was my first match. Because I knew what they were doing. I'd been studying it so hard and so intently that changing the salt and pepper shakers to men didn't seem to make much difference."

The filmstrips that resulted from all this are clear and rather charming. Appropriate old cricket prints precede the plunge into exposition; on strip one is a reproduction from London's Marylebone Cricket Club of *The Laws of the Noble Game of Cricket*.

"The Marylebone Cricket Club has been the central authority on the laws of cricket since 1787," Miss Jacobs said from behind the projector. "Look, that's all the rules there are. Isn't that amazing? But now there are whole books about them. You know, the rules have changed very little—sometimes there was no change for a period of a hundred years. Now here" —she was explaining another strip— "the batsman wears pads, and also the wicketkeeper. They protect everybody but the poor fielder. The umpires have worn those butcher's coats since before the dawn of Christianity, I guess.

"Now this is a normal field for an off-spinner. The captain has all these choices for the field, and they are only approximate. Sometimes you want them close in to the batsman, sometimes you want them way out. Now that position is called a silly mid-on because it's silly to stand there. He's apt to get hurt. Silly mid-off means he's standing in a very bad place up there on the off side of the batter.

"There's no such thing as a good ball or bad ball, in our sense, because the batsman doesn't have to hit at it."

It is hard on an American to be told that there is no such thing as a good ball or a bad ball; that a batsman may hit at a ball or not hit at it, as he likes; that if he should hit it he may run or not, as he likes; that a captain may place his fielders almost anywhere at all. It is hard for an American to discern a game in all this anarchy.

It is there, though, and it emerges from Miss Jacobs' filmstrips if you just don't get panicky and give up at the first appearance of difficulty. "Cricket should stand on its own in this country," said Miss Jacobs warmly. "It's a good game, and a highly sophisticated one. If Americans take it up, I hope they don't change it too much. If they *did* take it up, the first thing they would do would be to put gloves on the fielders. That ball is very, very hard, and it goes very, very fast. If you try for it, you stand a chance of breaking your fingers, so what do you do, you let it go. Another thing, Americans would wear short sleeves. The British wear long sleeves and roll them up. Now why, who knows, but short sleeves would not be *cricket*." Miss Jacobs allowed herself this. "Instead of white trousers, creams are the thing to wear. It's such a polite game. It's a game of gentlemen.

"I've been to South America and Manchuria and Japan," Miss Jacobs said. "Now I'd like to go to Australia, to meet Sir Donald Bradman. And I'd like to go to England to see a cricket match."

Born in Dennison, Ill., Miss Jacobs began as a physical education major at the University of Wisconsin; she changed her mind and added English and comparative literature, but went to Columbia University to do graduate work in physical education. She taught it for a number of years, in high schools, colleges,

community recreation programs and various other places, including, in 1939, Yen Ching University in Peking, China.

"I thought when I went over to China that I'd have to find a good branch of a tree to cut off for a baseball bat, but I found they had beautiful equipment. And their modern dance was far superior to ours. I had only about 15 students—girls, though it was mixed for folk dancing. English folk dancing was most acceptable, because there was less physical contact—you know, ladies' chain, and all that."

Miss Jacobs' first filmstrip arose out of this trip. It was a strip called *Dee Dee Chou*, or Little Brother Chou, "made about the children in my little garden in China. I was just there, in my little old teahouse, and I taught them nursery rhymes and how to count. I taught them *Ten Little Indians*, and they put it into Chinese. And I did an audacious thing," Miss Jacobs said. "I did a film strip on the Chinese language. Sub-ABC level," she added hastily. "I took some of the words apart, looking at them as a foreigner would; I had a beautiful calligrapher. You can almost figure out what a word means if you know all the basic pictographs."

Miss Jacobs went from China to Berkeley, Calif. to New York and South Orange, N.J. teaching physical education. Then in 1945 she decided that that was not what she wanted to do. So "I sat down in the middle of my living room floor with my shoes off—that always helps me think. I knew I didn't want to go on teaching. I wanted to do some sort of creative work, and I wanted to travel, and I wanted to meet people doing interesting things."

Miss Jacobs got up off the floor and went full time into the making of filmstrips.

In addition to further strips she has planned, the language tapes and picture collection at International House, Miss Jacobs is learning to develop her own Ektachrome film, putting the cricket strips into Hindi, taking a course at Columbia and has several other projects she is not ready to disclose.

Questioned as to how she plans and accomplishes more than, obviously, is possible, Miss Jacobs says, "I don't waste time. Things are pretty much on schedule and disciplined, which I don't like." A curious statement, but definitive of the lady. **END**

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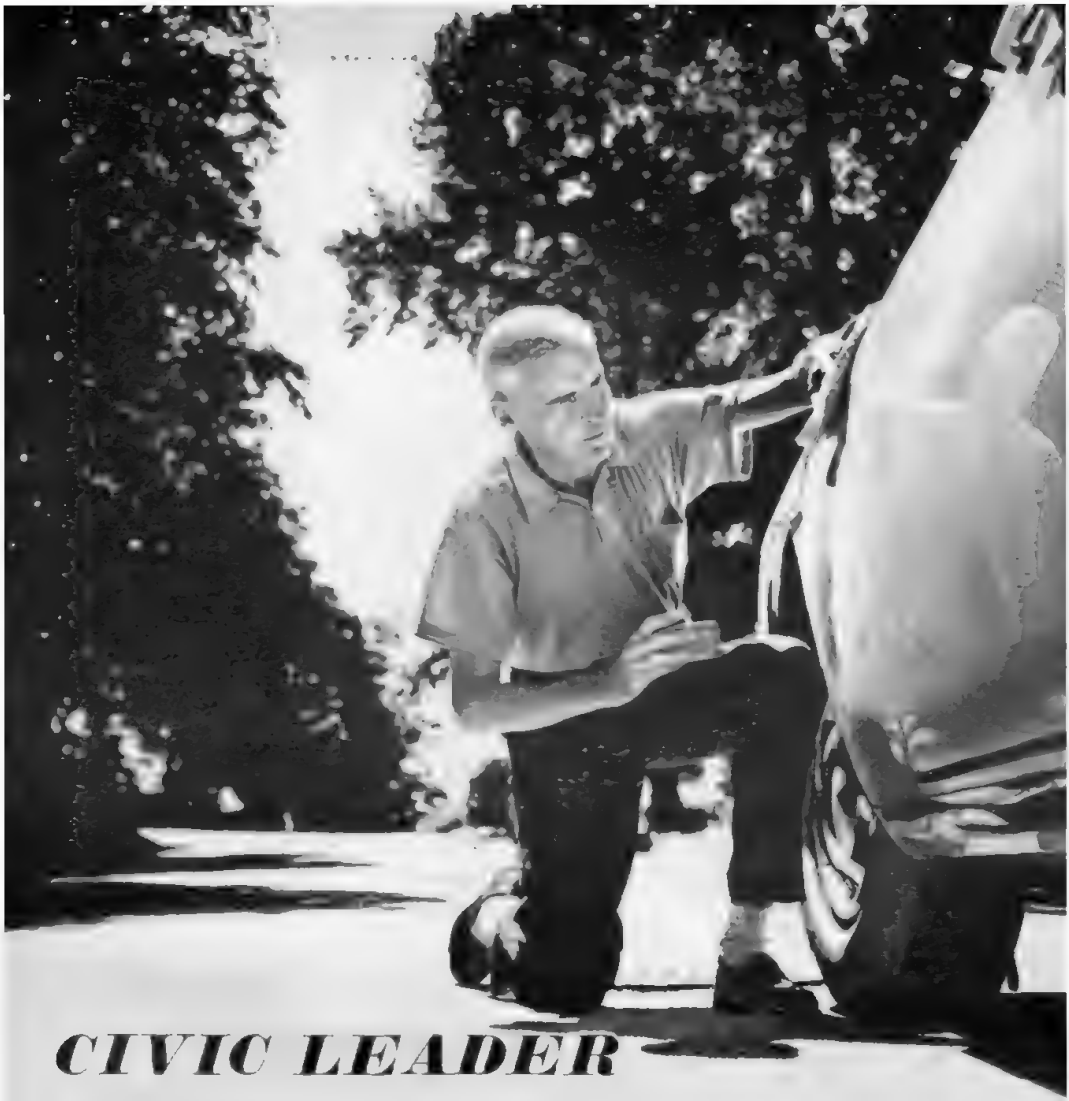

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

The NCAA picked up five shiny new conference champions—UCLA (Big Six), Kentucky (Southeastern), San Francisco (West Coast AC), VMI (Southern) and Murray (Ohio Valley)—and had 16 of its 25 teams in the fold.

New York's NIT, forced to forage among the independents and some conference also-rans, still had four spots open after taking in Army (16–6), Miami (20–6) and St. Joseph's (17–8). Other possibilities: Syracuse (15–7), Penn State (14–7), La Salle (16–8), Xavier of Ohio (16–8) and the runners-up in the Missouri Valley and Western AC.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (21-3) 2. NYU (14-8) 3. DUQUESNE (15-8)

It was a dismal week for most eastern tournament teams. NCAA-bound Providence could not find shooting room against ST. JOSEPH'S *alternating 1-2-2 zone and tight man-to-man.* What's more, the Friars were unable to handle St. Joe's pesky Steve Courtin. He threw in 23 points and the Hawks upset Providence 67–62. It did not help the Friars' morale either when VILLANOVA, their first-round opponent in the East regionals, beat Marquette 87–64 and Temple 67–60.

NIT teams had their troubles, too. Just when St. Bonaventure was about to catch DUQUESNE, stubby Willie Somerset stole the ball away from the Bonnies' Fred Crawford. Then he stole the game away with nine points *in less than two minutes.* Duquesne won 86–80. The Dukes, however, tried their luck in the Midwest and got themselves trampled by DE PAUL'S fast break 84–65.

NYU was another victim. The hot-and-cold Violets, leading CREIGHTON by 11 points with 5:33 to go, fell apart as usual when the Blue Jays hit them with a zone press. Chuck Officer threw in 12 points in the last four minutes, including the basket that beat NYU 88–86. Pitt also stumbled. PENN STATE caught the Panthers with their long-range defenses lagging and Pitt went down 78–63.

ARMY, giving young (27) Coach Tates Locke its best effort of the year, won its way into the NIT by clobbering old rival Navy 74–55. LA SALLE, although beaten by WESTERN KENTUCKY 107–95, was *still hoping* for an NIT bid after coming back to outgun Utah State 90–85. So was SYRACUSE, which has not had it so good since 1957. The revived Orangemen rattled past Cornell 89–85, Colgate 99–78 and Canisius 81–64.

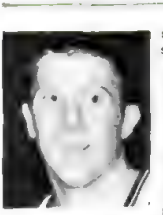
PRINCETON'S magnificent Bill Bradley gave *the Tigers a certain tie in the Ivy League.* He scored 64 points (for a new Ivy record) as Princeton took Columbia 78–59 and Cornell 61–55. RHODE ISLAND beat Connecticut 54–53 to force a tie for the Yankee Conference title and a playoff for an NCAA berth.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (21-3) 2. DUKE (20-4) 3. DAVIDSON (22-4)

A funny thing happened to Davidson on its way to Kansas City. The precocious Wildcats, who had bludgeoned their way through the Southern Conference regular-season schedule, were suddenly nowhere. Instead, VMI, 9–11 going into the conference tournament at Charlotte, won its first championship ever and will represent the Southern in the NCAA East regional. The hustling Keydets were full of surprises. First they beat Furman 77–73, then they shocked Davidson 82–81 *on sophomore Charlie Schmauss's basket* with 13 seconds to go. This put VMI into the final against GEORGE WASHINGTON, another spoilsport. The Colonials had shocked Virginia Tech 64–62 and West Virginia 88–80. Then with Noodles Blair, a clever little backcourter who was unable to raise his arm to shoot after he injured a back muscle early in the game, directing the traffic, and 6-foot-2 Schmauss zipping in and around weary GW for 19 points and 17 rebounds, VMI beat the Colonials 61–56 for its first winning season in 21 years. "It's the greatest," gushed Coach Weenie Miller.

UPSET MAKERS



GEORGE WILSON
CINCINNATI

STEVE COURTIN
ST. JOSEPH'S

It was enough to make DUKE a wary *bunch of Blue Devils after they thrashed* Wake Forest 98–83 and North Carolina 104–69 to finish far ahead of the pack in the Atlantic Coast. But now Duke will have to do it all over again in the conference tournament that begins Thursday in Raleigh.

A man has to get up early in the day to outsmart KENTUCKY'S cagy old Adolph Rupp. After ALABAMA upset his Wildcats 65–59 with a zone defense, The Baron, quite *correctly, figured that Tennessee would try* to win with a slowdown and a box-and-one on Cotton Nash. So he had Nash act as a decoy. The Vols went for it hook, line and box-and-one. While they chased Nash, who took only one shot and made only five free throws, sharpshooter Tommy Korn bombed them for 17 points. It gave Kentucky a close 42–38 victory and Rupp his 21st Southeastern Conference title. Said Rupp later, "Had Tennessee decided to play basketball, it might have won."

The black magic finally paid off for TULANE, everybody's patsy in the SEC. After 22 straight losses, the Greenies beat LSU 80–68 as Bob Davidson flipped in 29 points and made off with 19 rebounds.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (19-3) 2. WICHITA (20-5) 3. LOYOLA (19-6)

NCAA teams can take warning. Defending champion LOYOLA (*see page 50*), warming up for the tournament, was winning big. The quick Ramblers, running, gunning and swarming the boards, rubbed out St. Louis 79–66 and Marshall 117–63.

For a while it was touch and go for Big Ten co-leaders MICHIGAN and OHIO STATE. Illinois was hot on the Wolverines' heels un*til sophomore Cazzie Russell* bailed them out with three deft steals, a timely layup and 28 points in all. Michigan won 89–83. Indiana's Tom Van Arsdale stuck to Ohio State's Gary Bradds like a long-lost brother and held him to 15 points. But Dick Ricketts and Don Devoe got away for 16 points apiece and OSU squeezed through 73–69.

KANSAS STATE, however, was beginning to see daylight in the Big Eight. The Wildcats matched their fast break against Oklahoma's quick break and, with pop-shooter Willie Murrell firing in 23 points, K-State easily won the race 99–70. Second-place Colorado, outmuscled by MISSOURI 89–84, fell two games behind.

DRAKE'S fairy-tale rise from the bottom to the top in the Missouri Valley was complete. The Bulldogs defeated Tulsa 72–63 and St. Louis 56–50 to clinch a tie for first. But WICHITA was still alive, too. The Shockers had trouble when Tulsa cracked their zone in the second half, but Dave Stallworth's 32 points helped them win 98–79. Too late. CINCINNATI was flexing its muscles. Big George Wilson, wheeling and dealing like never before, rattled in 25 points and the 'Cats upset Bradley 64–62. Then they beat North Texas 104–91.

The Mid-American race was down to its *last game. OHIO U., an 88–79 winner over* Louisville, must beat Toledo on Saturday to avoid a tie with Miami of Ohio.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (23-2) 2. TEXAS A&M (10-6) 3. TEXAS TECH (14-7)

There is just no place like home in the hurly-burly Southwest Conference. TEXAS A&M,

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beaten by Texas Tech at Lubbock earlier in the season, made the Raiders pay for that at College Station. With their exuberant cadets raising a frightful din, the Aggies turned Bennie Lennox loose for 21 points and drubbed Tech 82–70. Three nights later, when SMU's 2-1-2 zone defense tied up Lennox, skinny Bill Robinette shot over the Mustangs for 17 points and the Aggies won 75–70 to clinch a tie for the championship.

NCAA tournament teams were finding the going sticky. TEXAS WESTERN bombed New Mexico State 90–54, but the Miners had to beat a late, nagging press to hold off North Texas State 62–56. OKLAHOMA CITY, extremely bearish in a 105–80 romp over Centenary, was surprised by hot-shooting WEST TEXAS STATE and lost 89–80. Houston, too, ended its season on a discouraging and all too familiar note. LOYOLA of New Orleans flushed out the reluctant Cougars with a strong rebounding game and whipped them 64–54. After that, Houston Coach Guy Lewis went right out to recruit a tall boy.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (24-0) 2. OREGON STATE (26-3) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (19-4)

There was never really any doubt about it, but unbeaten UCLA finally got around to winning the Big Six championship. Washington held the Bruins scoreless for the first 4½ minutes and gave them only a single field goal in the last eight minutes. But in between UCLA worked up enough steam to win 78–64. Then, just when Washington State was beguiled into thinking that the Bruins could at last be had, they were off and running again. Walt Hazzard outsticked the defenseless Cougars with his passes and fakes, he and backcourt sidekick Gail Goodrich shot in 35 points, and UCLA breezed to its 24th straight victory, 93–56.

UCLA'S NCAA rivals, meanwhile, were sharpening their skills. OREGON STATE, puzzled by Oregon's zone, still got the ball to 7-foot Mel Counts often enough for him to score 31 points and the Beavers won at Corvallis 71–68. The next night at Eugene, State came up with a zone of its own in the second half, Counts got 34, and Oregon went down again 85–71. SAN FRANCISCO's West Coast AC champions scrambled past San Jose State 48–46 and California at Santa Barbara 75–66 for their 15th in a row. SEATTLE, surprised by MONTANA STATE 98–85, recovered to edge Portland 101–99 on Greg Vermillion's last-second shot in overtime.

"I've never had a team 'up' for a game like we are for this one," said Arizona State's Ned Wulk last week. So BRIGHAM YOUNG whacked his Sun Devils 106–90. Said Wulk the next night, "The kids are tired. We're down." So ARIZONA STATE ran over Utah 103–78 to regain the Western AC lead. Concluded Wulk, "My coaching certainly improved overnight." END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—BOSTON lost its third game in a row (to the Pistons 115-113) for only the second time this season, and its Eastern Division lead dipped to a half game. But the Celtics won their next five games while CINCINNATI was dropping two out of five, and suddenly 2½ games separated the two contenders. The Royals' losses were back-to-back—first time in five weeks. Followed by a record-setting shooting a 117-114 win over the 76ers in which 6-foot-7½-inch Jerry Lucas sparked down 40 rebounds, most in the NBA this season, PHILADELPHIA beat the Pistons 130-122 for its only win in five games, and NEW YORK lost all three of its games. SAN FRANCISCO moved to a comfortable 3½-game lead in the West by winning four out of five while second-place ST. LOUIS split four. Third-place LOS ANGELES played its best ball in five weeks as it won three out of four (its only loss was in overtime to the Hawks, 115-114). BALTIMORE *stopped through three winless games, but* DETROIT managed to take two out of five.

BOXING—Light heavyweight CASSIUS CLAY won the world heavyweight championship by a TKO when Sonny Liston failed to answer the bell at the beginning of the seventh round of their title fight in Miami Beach (*see page 20*).

World featherweight Champion SUGAR RAMOS of Mexico City retained his title with a sixth-round TKO victory over Japan's Mitsunori Seki in Tokyo.

Third-ranking Middleweight RUBEN (Hurricane) CARTER won an easy 10-round decision over James Ellis of Louisville in Madison Square Garden.

FIELD TRIALS—WAR STORM, a powerful pointer owned by Bethea McCall of Birmingham, defeated 39 other dogs in a grueling 10-day test to win the National Bird Dog Championship in Grand Junction, Tenn.

FIGURE SKATING—Olympic gold medalists SJOUKJE DIJKSTRA of Holland and MANFRED SCHNELLDORFER of Germany easily took the ladies' and men's titles at the world championships in Dortmund, Germany, but MARIKA KILIUS and HANS-JÜRGEN BAUMLER of Germany reversed the order of the Olympic pairs event by defeating Russia's Ulihsis Ludmila and Oleg Protopopov.

GOLF—Despite gusty winds, ART WALL JR. stroked a one-under-par 71 in the final round to win the $13,000 *Bogota (Colombia) International Open*, his second victory in three Caribbean tournaments this season.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL moved into the lead when it defeated the Maple Leafs 1-0 and the Rangers 4-0 on Charlie Hodge's sixth and seventh shutouts (most in the league) while CHICAGO was splitting two games. Then the Black Hawks edged the Canadiens 4-3 as Ken Wharram scored three goals, including the winning point with less than three minutes remaining, and the two teams were once again tied for first place. TORONTO took over sole lead over the Black Hawks) out of three while DETROIT lost two games and tied another for its worst record in eight weeks. The Red Wings, however, remained second in fourth place. Last five points put the Maple Leafs and an overwhelming 10 ahead of NEW YORK, which won, lost and tied in three games. BOSTON dropped another game to equal its longest losing streak (8-0) and then surprised everyone with two straight wins.

HORSE RACING—George Pope Jr.'s HILL RISE (54-80), with Don Pierce aboard, took the lead in the stretch and won the $132,400 Santa Anita Derby with six lengths to spare (*see page 16*).

CARTERET ($9.80), a French-bred 6-year-old owned by Hasty House Farm and ridden by Ray Broussard, came from behind to capture the $98,400 Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap by 3½ lengths over Royal Ascot.

SKIING—JOHN BALFANZ of Minneapolis took the national jumping championship with leaps of 235 and 231 feet on 75-meter Suicide Hill in Ishpeming, Mich. Defending champion Gene Kotlarek of Duluth, Minn. was runner-up.

CHRISTIAN PRAVDA, 37, swept through a 54-gate course with ease to win the slalom title and $1,200 at the world professional championships in Heavenly Valley, Calif. ERNST HINTERSEER of Austria also earned $1,200 by taking the giant slalom championship.

SWIMMING—At the Australian championships in Sydney indomitable DAWN FRASER (N.S.W., Feb. 17) lowered her own world record in the 100-meter freestyle by .6 second with a 58.9, won the 200- and 400-meter freestyles and broke 60 seconds in the 100 again with a 59.6 while swimming a leg for the winning 400-meter relay team. In other events KEVIN BERRY set a world mark of 2:06.9 in the 200-meter butterfly, and BOB WINDLE clocked the second-best 1,500-meter freestyle time in history with 17:09.4.

TRACK & FIELD—Loyola's TOM O'HARA stole the show at the New York Knights of Columbus meet at Madison Square Garden as he won the Columbian Mile in 3:58.5 *and, on the way, set a world* indoor record of 3:43.6 for 1,500 meters, bettering by three seconds the 1961 mark held by Hungary's Istvan Rozsavolgyi. BRUCE KIDD edged Australian Ron Clarke in the two-mile (8:39), and his fellow Torontonian, BILL CROTHERS, breezed to an easy victory in the Casey 600 (1:09.7). In the field events GARY GUBNER put the shot 62 feet 3¼ inches to beat Parry O'Brien for the second straight week. JOHN LEITSES cleared 16 feet ¼ inch to win the pole vault and JOHN THOMAS took the high jump with a leap of 7 feet 1 inch. The NCAA indoor championships were divided into two regional meets, and the Western division at Portland, Ore. was highlighted by the performance of HARRY JEROME, who had been out of competition for 15 months with a knee injury. He showed his fitness by tying the 60-yard dash in 5.9 seconds that to help OREGON take the meet. MARYLAND STATE ran away with the team title in the NCAA Eastern division in Louisville as its mile relay team of Robert Brown (48.5), Harley Morris (47.8), Ed Skinner (48.1) and Earl Rogers (47.3) sped to a new world record of 3:11.7, bettering by half a second the mark set by Texas Southern last season on the same track. Still more world indoor records fell at other meets: Yale's WENDELL MOTTLEY ran the world's fastest 600 yards (1:07.2) at the Heptagonal Championships in Ithaca, N.Y., trimming 1 second off George Kerr's 35-year-old mark, and on Bermuda at the All Eastern Invitational games HAYES JONES running his last race of the indoor season improved his own record in the 60-yard high hurdles with a 6.8 clocking.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED, JOE KUHARICH, 46, supervisor of officials for the NFL, as head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles. Previously he had coached the University of San Francisco (1948-1951), the Chicago Cardinals (1952), the Washington Redskins (1954-1958) and his alma mater, Notre Dame (1959-1962). "I got the itch to get back into coaching," he said. "It was tough watching the films every week and realizing that none of the teams was yours."

DIED: J. AMBROSE CLARK, 83, the colorful sportsman who pioneered steeplechasing in America and could be seen many afternoons driving coach-and-four down busy Jericho Turnpike on Long Island, at his Old Westbury, N.Y. home.

DIED: GUS ESSNEVICH, 49, former world light heavyweight champion, of a heart attack in Cliffside Park, N.J. He gained the title in 1941 and, after four years' service in the Coast Guard (1942-1945), successfully defended it three times before losing it in 1948 to British Empire Champ on Freddie Mills. The following year he was knocked out by Ezzard Charles in a heavyweight title fight and promptly retired.

DIED: TIMOTHY MAYER, 26, of Dalton, Pa., a promising Grand Prix driver and nephew of Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, when his auto went out of control during a time trial and crashed near Launceston, Tasmania (Australia). He was to have driven with New Zealand's Bruce McLaren for the British Cooper team in an international race the next day.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—Phil Roth. 18—*Frank Zagarino.* 19—Ben Olendorf; Los Angeles Times. 21—Terry Tucker. 22—Ken Regan. 25—Ken Regan and Curt Gunther. 26, 27—Tony Triolo. 49—Eastman. 50, 51—Joe Baltimore. 57—Tony Triolo. 61—Wide World. 73—Pat Doyle; George H. Cook; Baltimore Sun.

FACES IN THE CROWD

SANDY BUTLER, a long legged junior on the girls' basketball team at Lewis Central High in Council Bluffs, Iowa, averaged 48.5 *points a game in leading* her team to 16 straight season victories, then set an Iowa girls' record of 78 points in a state tournament game.

PHILIP DENKEVITZ, a freshman freestyle swimmer at Maryland, led his team to a win over North Carolina when he stroked 50 *yards in 21.0 to tie the* NCAA short-course record, took the 100-yard event in 47.3 and anchored the victorious 400-yard relay team.

ED VEBELL, 42, an artist from Westport, Conn who has been fencing for 27 years, became the first U.S. competitor to win the epee title at the New York Athletic Club's international tournament by upsetting 25-year-old Dave Micahnik of Penn in the final.

OTTO PETERS, 79, a locksmith who founded the Buffalo Industrial Skeet League 31 years ago, broke an average 47 out of 50 targets (6 handicap) this season as his team went undefeated in six shoots. He is also an accomplished hunter, fisherman and golfer.

ALLEN MARTINI, 45, a Beverly Hills business executive who played tennis as a youth, twice earned the DFC in World War II and took up tennis again "when I started to get old," teamed up with George MacCall to win the U.S. *indoor seniors' doubles* championship.

GEORGE FOULDS, a Pittsburgh graduate student in public health competing with a cast on his arm, won the Cherry Tree Marathon in The Bronx, N.Y., in a meet record 2:25:25. "I was a little surprised to win—I only wanted *to see if I could finish a* marathon," he said.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

QUALIFIED LOSERS

Sirs:

I just finished William Leggett's excellent article on the baseball war in New York (*Trouble Sprouts for the Yankees*, March 2), and I can't agree more. The brand of fan known as the Met fanatic is a peculiar breed. I was in the Polo Grounds last summer and saw the darlings beaten by the big, bad Giants by a ridiculous score, but in the last of the ninth, with the Mets behind something like 17–4 and two out, Ron Hunt walked. Immediately the rhythmic applause began and shouts of "Here we go!" and "Let's go Mets!" rattled the rafters.

However, the ancient and venerable Polo Grounds supplied the psychological lift that made New Yorkers clasp the Mets to their hearts. New York loves a winner, but it loves a loser, too, provided that the loser is a real loser. The Mets qualify. But I won't trudge out to Queens to see them. In the Polo Grounds you had a good time and drank beer in the bleachers and took off your shirt and got to the game three hours early to find someone to argue with. It was a large Ebbets Field (R.I.P.). Now it will be Touristville, and after the influx of visitors who mistake it "for a GM exhibit," the Yankees will again draw close to 2 million and the Mets will hire Emmett Kelly.

MICHAEL JAY KAUFER

Iowa City, Iowa

SUBSIDIZED GAMES

Sirs:

Let's consider the possibilities of subsidizing our Olympic teams. In our country, money should be no problem. There are foundations like the Ford or Wheaties foundations that could subsidize our teams, along with the public contributions.

There might be some questions as to whether we wish to make our players professional like those of Russia and many other countries. But in hockey the Russians seem to be more amateur than we are. Their players are being subsidized for taking their time to train and play in the Olympics, while we send athletes that are, in fact, pros, but since they are not being paid by our government to play, they are not considered as pros.

Subsidies would give our teams more time to work together. We've got good players. Now let them get organized. Let's keep thinking about our future.

ROBERT MUSTARD

Sheffield, Mass.

Sirs:

The recent poor showing of our Winter Olympic team should again cause great concern among all of the citizens of the U.S. Our own Olympic Committee and the U.S. Government should realize that the day of pure amateur sports and Olympic Games for the sake of sportsmanship alone is well passed. It has been painfully obvious to those of us who are interested in sports and who have listened to many speakers of worldwide reputation that the Olympics and all world contests are being used as a tremendous and very successful propaganda machine by our Communist neighbors. They are using the results to try to impress other nations with their athletic prowess and their physical health, with the implication that this makes them a much better country and a much better type of government.

It is also quite obvious that our present competitive sports program in colleges and universities cannot be construed as strictly amateur. I think that it is time that we got rid of the decadent attitude of the present Olympic Committee and that the U.S. Government took a more active interest in helping to support a program for training and developing our athletes.

THERON L. HOPPLE, M.D.

Toledo

AH, WILDERNESS

Sirs:

Thank you for a fine, entertaining article on the poetic wilderness of the Columbia River (*The Columbia: A Gem of a River*, Feb. 24). It is a territory of vast beauty and emotion. It is, indeed, a living thing.

There is, however, a tragic aspect to the exposure of undiscovered territory of natural beauty to a public of millions. The tragedy lies in the exposing. Perhaps it is because of my selfishness that I feel this way. But I someday want to experience this country as Author Robert Cantwell has. I do not want to see it through the frame of an automobile window. I do not want to explore it with the help of directions etched on wooden road signs that indicate the number of miles to the nearest comfort station. I would like very much to roam through the smell of cedar, to catch a glimpse of a fleeing deer or even a bear loping out of a stream but not taking handouts from the tourists while Dad is busily snapping pictures from the back seat of the station wagon.

Once the public—and he can be a dirty animal with his paper containers and crush-proof cigarette boxes—gets wind of this place, I fear the Columbia watershed will suffer and die an unnatural death.

JAY HERSHEY

Philadelphia

TENETS AND BEATLES

Sirs:

If I remember correctly you condemn rather than condone the mixing of politics with sports. If you still uphold this tenet, then perhaps you would be good enough to explain why your brief article on Fidel Castro (PEOPLE, Feb. 17) abounds with cynicism and sardonic, subjective analysis of his "system."

Let's keep politics out of sports.

F. L. CHASE III

South Casco, Me.

Sirs:

Really! I usually agree with most of your opinions and statements, but I cannot and will not stand for your calling Elvis Presley the "one-man Beatle of the 1950s" (PEOPLE, Feb. 24). Now, I'll admit that the Beatles are No. 1 in the world today, but check with them again in 1975 (by then they'll have been around as long as Elvis has now), and see if they even approach where Elvis is in 1964.

I suggest you call the Beatles the four-man Elvis Presley of 1963–64.

DAVID NUNAN

Atlanta

MONEY MATTERS

Sirs:

I was astonished to read of the great lengths to which your magazine went in order to photograph Cassius Clay with a million dollars and still avoid showing the face or back of any one bill (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Feb. 24). As one of 9 million coin collectors in the U.S. I can assure you that photographs of U.S. currency, both coin and paper money, appear regularly in newspapers and magazine articles dealing with the numismatic field. I feel you have been grossly misleading in your article and would appreciate an explanation.

MEL RUUD

Azusa, Calif.

● Under the law, photographic illustrations of U.S. paper currency are permissible only if 1) they are in black and white, 2) they are a size less than three-fourths or more than one and one-half times the size of the genuine instrument and 3) if they are being used solely for numismatic, educational, historical or newsworthy purposes. —ED

ANARCHY?

Sirs:

Is John Eight really serious when he suggests playing basketball without officials (SCORECARD, Feb. 10)? Can anyone remember playing baseball without an umpire and not having at least one argument about the players' judgment? How about boxing without a referee, or football or hockey or any sport? What does he want?

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Perhaps John Egli is trying to tell people that the refs are what is the matter with his coaching and his team's play. Every coach must have a ref to yell at to make the crowd feel the offending team could not have possibly made the mistakes.

Let's *face facts. The refs are necessary,* but everyone makes mistakes, even coaches with wild ideas.

JOHN P. ROHMER

Bedford, N.Y.

ON THE TRACK

Sirs:

Where did your fascinating tip, "Don't worry about keeping your skis together," come from (SCORECARD, Feb. 17)?

No one has ever said that a racer should keep his skis together. He wouldn't do much in a race if he did—as a matter of fact, he'd probably kill himself in the downhill. However, skis together in recreational skiing is still the best technique for appearance and overall control. If you happen to see Billy Kidd skiing for recreation at Stowe, look at his skis. You won't be able to see the snow between them.

STANLEY D. HALL

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was amazed at your so-called tip to recreational skiers. You indicate that because the Egon Zimmermanns, the François Bonlieus and the Billy Kidds raced with their feet *apart it would seem feasible that* the recreational skiers do the same. Let me inform you, as I'm sure you have already been informed, that these skiers are not exactly of the recreational variety but instead are three of the best skiers in the world. To imply that the recreational skier should emulate their actions on skis is like telling the average motorist to drive like Parnelli Jones does in the Indianapolis "500."

My concern stems from the fact that for several years the various regional ski associations have been attempting to acquaint the skiing public with the importance of proper learning techniques for safe, as well as enjoyable, skiing. Racing and recreational skiing are not synonymous, and it's foolish to compare the two. Almost all ski area operators will tell you that one of their biggest headaches is the reckless speeding skier, and one of the surest ways of picking them out is to look at their feet to see if they are apart like the "Russian railroad." Due to the continual increase in crowds at ski centers, *it is becoming more and more important* that the recreational skier learn the proper way to ski, for his own safety as well as the safety of other people. To advocate skiing with your feet apart because it is comfortable is ridiculous as well as being extremely dangerous.

DANIEL MCKILLIP
USEASA certified ski instructor

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